

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 480 (NEW SERIES 90) JUNE, 1904

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Abbot Anselm of Bury and the Immaculate Conception.

THE earliest formal treatise written in defence of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception seems unquestionably to have been the *Tractatus de Conceptione beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, printed by Dom Gerberon, and after him by Migne among the works mistakenly attributed to St. Anselm. Though branded with the note of spuriousness, the dissertation belongs to the twelfth century, and besides being a landmark in the history of the development of the dogma, it anticipates in its main outlines the modern theological treatment with which we are all familiar. Unfortunately Dom Gerberon printed his text from unsatisfactory manuscript sources. We may perhaps venture to suggest *en passant* that the Jubilee celebration of the present year would be an appropriate occasion for producing a more critical edition, if only some enterprising Catholic association such as the *Immacolata* would undertake the risks of publication. The manuscript copies of this treatise are by no means extraordinarily rare. A brief and perfunctory search which we recently undertook has revealed the existence of nearly a dozen specimens in the libraries of London, Oxford, and Cambridge alone, and there must be many others, both in England and abroad. So far as we have been able to examine them, these copies belong to a comparatively late date (thirteenth or fourteenth century), and consequently supply no indication of the period at which the *Tractatus* was written. Neither is any more reliable guidance furnished by the contents. The leading ideas which are here formally developed and insisted on may be found clearly though briefly propounded in the ninth century by St. Paschasius Radbertus. Moreover, if the writer in his few words of preface speaks of the Conception feast as a solemnity "which is now celebrated joyously in many places, and which in primitive times was honoured by a more general observance," such language would have been as exaggerated at

the end of the twelfth century as at its beginning.¹ The foundation for it in either case is probably supplied by the facts which Mr. Edmund Bishop has made known regarding the celebration of the Conception feast in England during the years immediately preceding the Norman Conquest.

But it is not of the treatise itself but of the author that we would speak in the present article. In almost every manuscript in which it occurs, the *Tractatus de Conceptione* is attributed to St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury,² and in the few exceptions it is almost invariably found in close connection with other pieces of Anselmian origin. None the less, the opinion has long prevailed that the work cannot be assigned to this Saint and Doctor of the Church. Even Baronius, in his day, notes that "many things occur in the treatise which contradict Anselm's teaching," while Dom Gerberon, the St. Maur editor, rejects it without hesitation as spurious, an opinion in which all subsequent critics have concurred. We do not however feel entirely sure that this judgment may not some day be reversed. There is nothing in the piece, as it seems to us, which is alien to Anselm's manner and phraseology, and if the matter of the treatise runs counter to other utterances of his, notably to chapters 16 and 18 of his *Cur Deus homo?* Bk. II., where he clearly assumes that our Lady was conceived in original sin, still it is not absolutely unheard of that a theologian should change his mind about a speculative question without calling attention to the fact. A curious instance of apparent vacillation in this very matter may be quoted from the sermons of Bishop Herbert of Losinga, who was Bishop of Norwich from 1091 to 1116. In a sermon on the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, he seems distinctly to say, that "no stain was inherent in her from her begetting" (*et cui nulla de propagine macula*

¹ He speaks of "Hodierna solemnitas qua conceptio beate virginis, dei matris, multis in locis festiva recolitur. Priscis quidem temporibus frequentiori usu celebrabatur," &c. I quote from a Bodleian MS. (Laud, 264), written about 1280 and very carefully corrected. It formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, and on a fly-leaf at the beginning we find this notice: "Hic est liber ecclesie St. Albani ex dono Richardi Abbatis quem qui a dicta ecclesia alienaverit vel titulum deleverit anathema sit. Amen."

² This is not however explicitly done in MS. Laud 264, quoted above. The *Tactatus* follows a letter of St. Anselm, but the only heading is *De Conceptione beate Virginis*. Still, at the beginning of the volume all the contents are attributed to Anselm. In Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, p. 244, we learn that in a manuscript of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, the same treatise *De Conceptione* is distinctly assigned to the authorship of Eadmer, "diserte Eadmero attribuitur." Cf. Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, vol. ii. p. xv.

inhesisset). Every Catholic student, as it appears to us, who is familiar with the theological controversies of the times, would interpret the words in the sense, that Mary never incurred the stain of original sin ; but it is perhaps only fair to set before the reader the whole of the passage, together with the translation which has been printed by Herbert de Losinga's Protestant editors, who understand it differently. Here then are Herbert's words :

Locuturi de assumptione beatissime virginis marie pauca præstringamus de prosapia, ortu et vita, de conceptu et partu, et de his que in collegio sue gloriosissime prolis facta sunt. Fuit beatissima virgo maria de genere abrahæ et tribu iuda, de radice iesse, filia david, ingenua de ingenuis et cui nulla de propagine macula inhesisset. Joachim pater, anna mater, uterque sterilis sed per virtutem sancti spiritus et per annunciationem gabrielis fecunditatem meruerunt. A pudicis parentibus pudica alitur virgo et ab omni vitiorum incentive (sic) abscondita. Solius spiritus sancti presentia et munitione conservabatur ; unde hebrei eam dicunt oalma, id est abscondita, hoc est omnis peccati cognitionis et voluntatis immunis.¹

On the other hand, Herbert undoubtedly seems to speak in another sense in his sermon for Christmas Day. Referring to Gabriel's embassy, he declares that the Holy Ghost comes to the Virgin's womb and "cleanses from original and actual sin her whom he was about to fill with grace." It will be advisable perhaps to quote the original :

Accedit ad uterum virginis spiritus sanctus, purgat originali et actuali culpa quam sua impleturus erat gratia. Clamat angelus ; ne timeas, inquit, maria. Ecce concipies et paries filium et vocabis nomen eius Jhesus.²

¹ Goulburn and Symonds, *Herbert de Losinga*, ii. pp. 330—332. Of this passage Messrs. Goulburn and Symonds give the following translation : "Being about to speak of the Assumption of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, let us first run over a few points concerning her genealogy, lineage, and life, concerning her conception and child-bearing, and concerning those things which were done in the company (of the Apostles), founded by her most glorious Son. The most Blessed Virgin Mary was of the lineage of Abraham, and of the tribe of Judah. She sprang from the root of Jesse, she was a daughter of David, the noble child of noble parents ; *nor did any blemish attach to her from the stock from whence she was derived*. Joachim was her father, Anna her mother. Both were barren ; but by the power of the Holy Ghost, and by the Annunciation of Gabriel, they obtained fruitfulness. By these modest parents the modest Virgin is nurtured, and being hidden from everything which might provoke unto vice, was preserved by the presence and munition of the Holy Spirit alone. Whence the Hebrews call her Oalma, that is, hidden ; that is to say, free from all knowledge of sin, and from all will to it."

² Herbert Losinga, *Sermones*, ii. pp. 2—4.

The very expressions used by Herbert, however, when we reflect upon them, suggest a doubt whether he is really referring to a purification wrought in the soul of our Lady at the moment of Gabriel's coming. Surely this pious client of the Virgin Mother did not suppose that up to that hour she was still subject to original and actual sin. Surely he did not mean to suggest that she was only to be full of grace when the Holy Spirit should overshadow her and her consent had been obtained to become the Mother of God. It seems that for *purgat* we should perhaps read *purgaverat*, and that this cleansing by the Holy Spirit was understood by Herbert Losinga to have taken place in the past, at the moment of our Lady's own Conception.

And here, even at the risk of a digression, it may be worth while to reproduce the note which the Anglican editors have appended to this passage. The wish to score a controversial point has evidently prevailed over a sense of the intrinsic reasonableness of the Catholic teaching in this matter.

"Purgeth from sin, original and actual, her," &c. It will be observed that the doctrine here set forth, though at variance with Holy Scripture, is totally different from the new Papal dogma of the Immaculate Conception (solemnly made *de fide*, December 8, 1854), according to which Mary herself was conceived without sin. Bishop Herbert, on the other hand (who died some thirty or forty years before that dogma took a definite shape), holds that she was purged both of original and actual sin at the moment when by the Holy Ghost she conceived our Lord. Erroneous as this view is, it was no doubt adopted originally as an escape from a difficulty which often perplexes thoughtful minds, namely, how a perfectly sinless Humanity, like that of our Blessed Lord, could be drawn out of the sinful humanity of the Virgin. The answer probably is, that the Holy Spirit did indeed purge the Lord's human nature in the womb, which needed such purification, as being taken from a sinner.

Herbert's doctrine seems the same with that taught by Gregory Nazianzen (A.D. 350, *Oratio*, 38, c. 13), where, speaking of the Nativity of our Lord, he says, "He became a man in all things, except sin, being conceived of the Virgin, who was previously purified (*προκαθαρθείσης*) by the Spirit both in soul and body." If purified then, she must have been impure before.¹

We are wandering, however, from the question of Archbishop Anselm's connection with the *Tractatus de Conceptione*.

¹ This last remark is surely unfounded. We still speak of our Lady being "cleansed from the stain of original sin"—not indeed in the sense that the stain rested there and was then removed, but only as meaning that the stain *should have* rested there, but was never allowed to do so.

Granted that he was at one time distinctly opposed to the opinion that our Lady was conceived without sin,¹ he was probably far from sharing the view which we have just seen attributed to his friend and contemporary, Bishop Herbert de Losinga. Anselm certainly believed that our Lady was "endowed with a purity, than which under God's present dispensation no greater can be conceived." Besides this, one curious fact favours the theory of St. Anselm's authorship of the *Tractatus*. There is a sermon on the text, *Intravit Jesus in quoddam castellum* (apparently intended for the Assumption of our Blessed Lady), which seems unquestionably to belong to the Archbishop. No one has contested its genuineness, for in a number of different manuscripts not only does it bear some such heading as: *Omelia venerabilis Anselmi, Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi*,² but it contains a little prologue which fixes its date within comparatively narrow limits. The writer declares in these opening sentences that many persons were puzzled to know what this Gospel (the gospel of Martha and Mary), had to do with our Blessed Lady, and why it was read on her feast. Accordingly he had explained this matter as well as he could in the vulgar tongue (*vulgariter*) on several occasions in the assembly of the brethren. His explanation had found favour, and accordingly he had been bidden, indeed compelled, to commit it to writing, by those who had heard him, and in particular by William, Abbot of Fécamp, and Arnulphus, Abbot of Troarn.³ Now Arnulphus was Abbot from 1088 to 1112, and William from 1080 to 1108. This prologue must therefore have been written between 1088 and 1108; and as the words *iussus immo coactus* hardly seem in keeping with the dignity of an Archbishop of Canterbury, we must presumably

¹ It is quite impossible to doubt that St. Anselm denied the Immaculate Conception. The whole argument of the *Cur Deus homo?* and the *De Conceptu Virginali*, both written towards the close of his life, tends to prove that Jesus Christ alone of all the children of men was exempt from original sin. See, e.g., the *De Conceptu Virginali*, cap. xxiii.

² This is the heading in MS. Bodley, 149 (NE. A. vi. 1), which Mr. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, assigns to about the year 1270.

³ "Intravit Jesus in quoddam castellum. Quid ad gloriosam originem dei genitricis lectio ista pertineat ut in eius festivitate legatur plerique solent querere. Unde quid sentirem in conventu fratrum prout potui vulgariter iam plus semel exposui. Et quia quod dixi auditoribus placuit, dicta litteris mandare ab eisdem et maxime a dominis abatibus Guillelmo Fiscamnensi Arnulfo Troarnensi iussus immo coactus sum." The sermon is printed in Migne, *P.L.* vol. 158, p. 644. Another early copy of it is contained in MS. Cotton, Cleopatra, C, x. at the British Museum. This very possibly belongs to the first part of the twelfth century.

assign it to an earlier date than 1093, *i.e.*, to a time when Anselm was still Abbot of Bec. We know from other sources of his close association with the two other Abbots above mentioned. Now, strange to say, this early sermon of Anselm's is several times found in close proximity with the *Tractatus de Conceptione*, and that without any apparent reason. We find it so in a manuscript in the University Library, Cambridge. It is so in more than one manuscript at Oxford, and in one at Lambeth, not to speak of similar instances in the extant catalogues of mediæval libraries.¹ Of course this sort of evidence is in no way conclusive, but it ought not perhaps to be ignored.

On the other hand, a strong argument against the attribution of the *Tractatus de Conceptione* to St. Anselm may be drawn from the fact that in the early discussions of this theological problem no attempt seems to have been made to quote the Archbishop's name as a witness in favour of the doctrine. It is hardly conceivable that those who had been intimately associated with him, and who were keenly interested in the question, could have refrained from availing themselves of the credit which would have been lent to their cause by such an ally.

We are tempted then to wonder whether there was another Anselm whose writings could by any possibility have been confused with those of the great Archbishop, and recent investigation has shown that there was such a man—no less a person, in fact, than the Saint's own nephew—Anselm, who was Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds from 1119 to 1148. It is regrettable that no account of this interesting personage has been included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.² The fact probably is that it is only of recent years that scholars have begun to piece together the scattered details which have been preserved to us, and which with a little trouble would probably yield materials for an ample notice. In the present article we do not pretend to do more than confirm and develop certain suggestions which have already for some time past been pressed upon the attention of students of the period.

¹ See, *e.g.*, the list compiled by Boston of Bury, which is prefixed to Tanner's *Bibliotheca*; and M. R. James, *The Ancient Libraries of Canterbury and Dover*. The same sermon and the *Tractatus* are found in close conjunction in MS. Merton Coll. 22; in MS. Magdalen Coll. Oxford, 56; in MS. Lambeth, 224, &c.

² Père de Buck, S.J., seems to have been the first to lift the veil to some extent in some articles in the *Études* for 1860. There are also two papers in the *Studien und Mittheilungen* for 1885 and 1886.

Let us begin with a minor point which has not, we think, been previously noticed. The name of Anselm, Abbot of Bury, is absent from all our English bibliographies. The published volumes of Bale and Pits and Tanner and Wright ignore him completely. But in a volume in which Bale made his collections for the *Index Britanniae Scriptorum*¹ we find the following entry:

Anselm of Canterbury, who was Abbot also of St. Edmund's, and nephew of Anselm the Archbishop, becomes Legate of the Roman Pontiff in England, and consecrated Archbishop Ralph by investing him with the pallium in A.D. 1115.

*He is recorded to have written various small works.*²

This last note had probably been obtained by Bale from some of the many mediæval sources open to him. Though he made no subsequent use of this vague piece of information, he is not likely to have invented it. Moreover, the tone in which Anselm is addressed in the letters of his friend and devoted admirer, Osbert of Clare, whose arguments in favour of the Immaculate Conception we quoted at the end of our last article, distinctly suggests that Anselm of Bury was not only something of a literary character, but was active in championing the cause of our Lady's Conception feast. On this point we must speak a little more fully.

There can be no doubt that Osbert of Clare was an extremely gushing person and very florid in his rhetorical compliments. His letters to Abbot Anselm pass all bounds of sobriety, and must, we think, have been regarded by the writer as mere exercises in adulatory diction. There is one of these documents which we cannot help hoping was never really meant to be despatched to its destination. It may have been penned as an essay in extravagantly polite verbiage, aping the phraseology of the Latin classics, for the name of the addressee is left blank in the manuscript, though the contents of the letter permit no doubt that it was intended for Anselm, perhaps on the occasion of his leaving Canterbury. The author describes the affliction of young and old, knights and monks, virgins and widows, orphans and servants, at the loss of this "model of integrity and mirror of all graciousness, the form of faith, and the inexorable standard of holy religious life, the man of my

¹ See the edition recently produced among the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, by Mr. R. L. Poole and Miss Bateson.

² *Hic varia scripsisse opuscula memoratur.*

desires and my glory, the darling of Kings and the ornament of princes, the father of the poor and the mother of orphans," and so forth. If, he goes on, this paragon had only been known in the days of old, Orpheus would have sung his praises on the lyre and the Sibyl have celebrated him in her verses. "All that he is, all that he knows, all that he says, all that he does for God, is a boon not only to his own subjects, but to the Universal Church. . . . He is the rival of Titus in generosity ; in mercy we must compare him with Augustus ; he surpasses Ulysses in eloquence, and he is a master of the figures of rhetoric, like a second Cicero." Osbert seems throughout to suggest a connection between the object of this tribute and some kind of literary activity. "Ismarus," he says, "begot him, and Rhodope brought him into the world." And he adds: "I do not know why I speak thus unless it be that I have learnt from familiar intercourse that he is a true descendant of the illustrious stock of our Lord and Father Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who both surpassed in sanctity all men at present living, and in the generous measure of his forbearance outshone all other prelates of the Church."¹ The only man to whom such language could well apply was Archbishop Anselm's nephew ; and we know, from other letters which Osbert addressed to him, that the latter was on the most intimate terms with the younger Anselm, and was accustomed to pay him the most high-flown compliments. "To his lord, father, guide, protector, refuge, and the angel of his counsel, by the grace of God, Anselm, Brother Osbert, his entirely devoted (wishes) whatever of good there is, and without which

¹ This letter printed by Anstruther is not found in the Cotton MS. Vitellius, A, xvii. Still there cannot be the slightest doubt of its authenticity, for the references to Abbot Anselm and his uncle are closely paralleled in other letters of that collection ; see, *e.g.*, fol. 27 b. "Ex eius (archiepiscopi) sorore, sancta atque religiosa, vestra prodiit in mundo nativitas," &c. We may note that the same highly eulogistic language is used by Reginald, a monk of St. Augustine's, Canterbury—the young Anselm however had been at Christ Church—in a copy of verses addressed to Abbot Anselm. The verses imply that both in feature and character he bore a striking resemblance to his uncle.

Tuque parentela, sua sanguis, imago, loquela,
Pontificis totum genus auges, iure nepotum ;
Quodque requiramus non est si te videamus.

Reginald seems to be protesting against the action of a certain Conrad who had tried to make mischief between him and Anselm.

Cur modo Conredus vult nostrum rumpere fœdus?

See, MS. Vespasian, E, iii. fol. 211.

is nothing." This is the form of salutation used in one of the letters to which I refer.¹

Now, in the year 1128 or 1129—Mr. Bishop has been able to fix the date from considerations which need not trouble us here—Osbert of Clare wrote to his friend and patron, Anselm, in the following terms :

Your sedulous zeal has fired many in various countries with devotion towards the blessed and glorious Mother of God, and by your assiduous care the feast of her Conception is now in many places observed, which was not wont to be celebrated by the ancient fathers. Wherefore, some followers of Satan, whilst we were keeping this feast, decried its observance as hitherto unheard of and absurd ; and with malicious intent, they went to two Bishops, Roger (of Salisbury) and Bernard (of St. David's), who happened then to be in the neighbourhood, and representing its novelty, they excited them to displeasure. The Bishops declared that the festival was forbidden by a council, and that the observance of it must be stopped. Nevertheless, we proceeded with the Office of the day, which had already begun, and carried it through with joyous solemnity. Then some who bore me a grudge, and who, whilst striving to get countenance for their own silly fancies, are busy to bring discredit upon both words and deeds of religious men, united against me the venom of their iniquity and shot out upon me the darts of their pestilent tongues, saying that the feast was not to be kept, for its establishment had not the authorization of the Church of Rome. I refuted them by reason and answered them according to their malice, and many persons bore witness that as well in this kingdom as across the sea, a festal commemoration of the day has been instituted by some Bishops and Abbots in their churches.

Osbert then discusses the reasons which might be urged in favour of such a celebration ; but we have quoted already, in our last paper, a considerable portion of this argumentative passage. Having propounded, however, the motives for his opinion, he goes on to explain that his present object is to beg Abbot Anselm to confer with pious, learned, and right-thinking people, and to induce them to take in hand the cause of the Blessed Virgin.

And since, he says, our lord and father Gilbert, by the grace of God, Bishop of London, a most Catholic minded man, is sufficiently instructed in these matters, and Hugh, Abbot of Reading, who at the prayer of King Henry (this of course is Henry I.) solemnly keeps this

¹ "Domino suo patri, rectori, protectori, asylo, consilii sui angelo, Dei gratia, Anselmo, frater Osbertus, totus suus quicquid usquam boni est et sine quo nihil est." (Anstruther, *Scriptores Monastici*, p. 139.)

festival, is well versed in both sacred and profane learning, I exhort you to discuss the matter with them and to enlist their co-operation lest you should hear it said of you by your enemies with the word of scorn, "This man began to build and would not finish." This I say because you have begun the building up of this solemnity, and so do you carry it through, and faithfully accomplish our undertaking which it is incumbent on you to bring to completion. Since you have a thorough practical knowledge of the customs of the Roman Church, we beg you to let us know if anything in support of the venerable Conception of the Mother of God is to be drawn from them.¹

When Osbert speaks of "we" who have kept the feast of the Conception he means presumably the monks of Westminster, of which community he was a member and eventually Prior. It is curious that from the Westminster Missal and other sources we obtain no evidence that our Lady's Conception day was specially honoured there. On the other hand, in Canterbury a hitherto unnoticed entry in the splendid ancient martyrology of St. Augustine's Abbey, the first hand of which is certainly older than the Norman Conquest,² leaves us under no mistake as regards the celebration of the Immaculate Conception. Last in order among the entries for the 8th of December, *sexto idus decembres*, but in the hand of the original scribe we find the notice:

Item ipso die conceptio sancte marie virginis.

If Anselm the younger were the author of the *Tractatus de Conceptione* there would be no difficulty in explaining where he had learnt the practice of keeping our Lady's Conception feast, nor how he had come by the idea that it had been observed more generally in ancient times.³ Moreover, on leaving Canterbury, Anselm proceeded to Rome and became Abbot of St. Sabas, which had many Oriental associations and may

¹ See Anstruther, *Scriptores Monastici*, pp. 124—126, who does not print the letter entire. I have borrowed Mr. Edmund Bishop's translation in the *Downside Review*, 1886, p. 112.

² Cotton, Vitellius, C, 12. This book deserves further study. A careful examination of the obits, &c., recorded in it ought to enable us to determine the exact date of the writing.

³ Æthelsige, who had been appointed Abbot of St. Augustine's in 1061, had come straight from the New Minster at Winchester, and it is precisely to Winchester about the year 1025 that we can trace the first celebration of our Lady's Conception feast on December 8th. On the other hand, Harleian 2,892, another pre-Norman MS. which contains a blessing for that special feast, belongs, as Mr. Bishop has shown, to the other great Canterbury monastery of Christ Church, in which the younger Anselm spent several years before his uncle's death.

have preserved some tradition of the Eastern Conception feast. That Anselm retained devout memories of his Roman house is proved by the fact that he subsequently erected an altar to St. Sabas in his monastery at Bury. And here it may be worth while to quote a summary of Abbot Anselm's life preserved in a footnote to some copies of charters and deeds in an ancient Bury manuscript.

As Mr. Bishop remarks, the writing of the note is not very ancient, but the facts seem to be drawn from reliable sources. The original is of course in Latin.

Abbot Anselm was born in Lombardy, became a monk in the Monastery of St. Michael, which is called Chiusa, and afterwards being brought to England by the order of the Lord Anselm, his uncle, Archbishop of Canterbury, he remained in the Monastery of Canterbury until his uncle's death. After that, paying a visit to his own proper church and going thence to Rome, he was ordained by the Lord Pope Paschal Abbot of the Monastery of Saba, in the city of Rome. Then having procured from the same Pope the pallium for Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been unable to procure it for himself, seeing that he made common cause with the Emperor Henry, who was under a ban, he was despatched as Legate to the whole of England, and was received with honour by the King and the Archbishop, and all the English people. When this embassy was over he returned to the Pope, and very fittingly the same Pope was formally requested by the English King to despatch the said Anselm to him in England, in order that he might be promoted to a bishopric. To this request the Pope eventually yielded, and Anselm returned to England. In the expectation of this preferment he remained there, though much against his will, and was amply provided for by the donations of the King to himself and his friends. Meanwhile, taking up his quarters in the Monastery of St. Edmund's, after the death of Abbot Asbold he was so beloved by all on account of his wisdom, that the King chose him for Abbot. In this way, after receiving from the Pope the privilege of mitre and (pastoral) staff to compensate for the bishopric which he had been promised, he entered upon the government of the Abbey of St. Edmund's, which was of episcopal dignity. He was, in fact, on the most intimate terms with various Sovereign Pontiffs, and especially with Paschasius, Paschal, Calixtus, Innocent, Lucius, and Eugenius, as the privileges accorded by them bear witness; and they decreed that with the exception of those which cannot be conferred without episcopal unction, he should enjoy every dignity and honour belonging to a Bishop,—to wit, the ring and mitre and sandals. The same Anselm established two celebrations amongst us: to wit, the Conception of Saint Mary, which now, through his means, is celebrated with solemnity in many different churches; and, secondly, the commemora-

tion of her in Advent, which Hildefonsus established.¹ Moreover, he enacted that one Mass of our Lady should be said every day, and that after the Canonical Hours another set of hours should be sung in her honour.²

It is curious that the writer of this note says nothing of Abbot Anselm's election to the see of London; perhaps because his appointment was opposed and Anselm was forced to retire from the contest. It would also be easily possible to collect a good many further details of his public life, notably regarding his action as Legate and his share in the contest for precedence between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The note, however, just quoted, besides its explicit testimony to the Abbot's share in instituting the feast of the Conception, is valuable for the clue it affords to certain other literary activities which it will be possible, we hope, to discuss in a future article.

For the present we will only note one detail. It is an interesting fact that we have still preserved to us a manuscript belonging to the library of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds which contains the *Tractatus de Conceptione*.³ Strange to say it is immediately associated with certain works of Hildefonsus, whose name is mentioned at the conclusion of the note just quoted, and in whose writings Abbot Anselm must clearly have been greatly interested. No heading seems originally to have been attached to the manuscript, which is certainly long subsequent to Anselm's time, and probably belongs to the close of the thirteenth century.

A still later hand, however, has added certain rubrics and has described the *Tractatus* as *Opus S. Anselmi Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis*. So far the balance of probabilities seems to us strongly in favour of the younger Anselm, the more so when we take into account another set of considerations for which we cannot now find room, but still the matter is by no means clear. If the real author of the treatise was Abbot Anselm of Bury, it is curious that the fact should apparently have been forgotten, and no record of it preserved in the copies belonging to that very house.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above article was in type the writer has become aware that in MS. 371 of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,

¹ This was the feast a week before Christmas Day, which we now call the Expectation of our Lady.

² MS. Harleian, 1,005, ff. 217, 218.

³ MS. Royal, 5, D, X.

the *Tractatus de Conceptione* not only appears amid a number of other *opuscula* of Eadmer's, written in a hand of the early twelfth century, but that a brief heading which, according to Père Ragey, is of contemporary date, describes it in these terms: *De Conceptione Sancte Marie editum ab Eadmero monacho, magno peccatore*.¹ Such a title, as Père Ragey remarks with much plausibility, could only have been affixed by the humility of the author himself. This new fact is unquestionably of the highest importance in its bearing upon the problem before us; the more so, because from the recent researches of Dr. Montagu Rhodes James, it may be considered certain that this particular manuscript was written during Eadmer's lifetime or shortly after his death, in his own monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury.² The word *editum*, to judge by other analogous cases in Eadmer's works, may and perhaps should refer to actual authorship. *Edita* is the term he uses of his own *Vita Anselmi*. In whatever way we understand it the difficulties are considerable. If Eadmer was the writer, how comes it that the essay appears almost invariably under St. Anselm's name? Père Ragey believes the work to be in substance the Archbishop's, but edited by Eadmer, as was the case with the *De beatitudine celestis patriæ*—but his arguments do not seem to us convincing. The matter, however, cannot be discussed in a Postscript. For the present we will only say that we still, on the whole, incline to the belief that the *Tractatus* was in some way connected, not with the elder, but with the younger Anselm, the Abbot of Bury.³

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Ragey, *Eadmer*, p. 279. This important work, published in 1892, seems to have escaped notice of the Abbé Vacandard, Père Le Bachelet, and others.

² *The Ancient Libraries of Canterbury and Dover*, Preface, p. xxx, and p. 46.

³ In MS. C.C.C.C. 457, is a book with this title: "Eadmeri liber ex dictis B. Anselmi et de miraculis eiusdem ad abbatem Anselmum S. R. E. legatum, archiepiscopi nepotem." Again, it is otherwise clear that Eadmer and Abbot Anselm were on cordial terms. The Saint himself when in exile sends a message to his nephew: "Salutat te multum Dominus Eadmerus, qui vere, in quantum intelligo, sincero amore diligit te." (Migne, *P.L.* 159, p. 231.) Some fifteen years later, Eadmer, in his *Historia Novorum* (Edit. Rule, p. 228), says, "Qui in diebus beati avunculi sui plurimo tempore in Anglia degens, pro mansuetudine sua ab indigenis terre quasi unus eorum habebatur." Upon the intimate relations between Eadmer and the Archbishop himself it cannot be necessary to insist.

Convent Life in Uganda.

THERE are few things concerning which we have to correct our impressions more frequently than the relative inaccessibility of places. The discovery of yesterday becomes the commonplace of to-morrow. Khartoum is a case in point, so too, on the other side of the globe, are the North-West Territories of the Dominion of Canada. All may be reached to-day in a Pullman car. Almost the same may be said of Uganda. Discovered by Speke, in 1858, in the course of his long wanderings through Equatorial Africa, revisited by Sir Samuel White Baker in 1873, it may be "done" to-day by any energetic globe-trotter in the course of a three months' journey. Indeed, a recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (May, 1904) prophesies that the trip round Victoria Nyanza will soon become a fashionable pastime. A railway runs from Mombasa to Port Florence; steamers ply upon the great lake; soon we shall read of tramway lines upon the broad highway that leads northwards from the lake to the native capital. Even as it is, Mengo may be reached in twenty-six days from Charing Cross.

The fact has an important bearing on missionary enterprize. Things can be attempted to-day which were practically impossible a few years ago. And with a decrease in obstacles comes of course an increase in our moral responsibility towards heathen tribes living under British protection and brought within the sphere of Western civilization. When, less than ten years ago, Bishop Hanlon, in accordance with an obligation entered into by the late Cardinal Vaughan to send English Catholic missionaries to the Uganda Protectorate, started for Mengo with three companions, the perilous journey from the coast to Victoria Nyanza had to be performed by caravan at immense cost, and occupied three months. The route lay through dense forests and shrub-grown desert inhabited by man-eating lions. To-day, the Uganda railway conveys the traveller in fifty hours, and danger is restricted to temporary delays consequent on the occasional washing away of the embankment by heavy tropical rains. Then, a fortnight was spent circumnavigating the eastern and northern ends of

Victoria Nyanza in native canoes: to-day, steam-boats, small indeed and irregular in their running, but none the less steam-boats, perform the same voyage in two days. Then, the cruel and treacherous Mwanga still reigned over the Baganda, and life under his rule was full of dangerous possibilities; to-day, the country is peacefully administered in the name of Mwanga's little son, Daudi Chua, by native regents acting under the guidance of an English Commissioner. Hence the peaceful work of spreading the Gospel can be pushed forward, free from the daily dread of violence and civil war. How great an improvement has been effected within ten years in the moral condition of the country, and in the immunity of Europeans from outrage, is conclusively shown by a single fact. In a letter home, written in December, 1896, Bishop Hanlon, referring to the constant robberies of which Europeans were the victims, exclaimed: "How fortunate I brought no nuns with me, or what would have become of them among these awful thieves?" Yet on his very next visit to England in 1902 the Bishop felt justified in taking back with him six Franciscan Sisters from St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, who are now established in their own convent, close to the Catholic Cathedral on Nsambya Hill, in Mengo. They are the first Catholic Englishwomen to take up teaching and missionary work in Uganda in connection with the St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, following in this the example set by the French Sisters of Notre Dame d'Afrique, who for several years have shared in the arduous labours of the well-known "White Fathers."

Thus it is a peaceful Uganda, and missionary labour carried on under fairly favourable conditions that we are called upon to consider. The dangers incurred, and they are not a few, and the difficulties to be faced, and they are many, are no longer due to persecution or civil war, or the mere savage instinct of slaughter, but to the normal circumstances of life in a tropical country amid an alien and heathen race. These conditions are not likely to be materially altered for many years to come, and the time therefore seems favourable for attempting a review of the results obtained by Bishop Hanlon and his zealous assistants, and for spreading knowledge of an evangelistic enterprise for which vocations, both among men and women, are urgently needed.

Although Mahomedanism has been introduced of recent years among the Baganda by Arabs from the coast, and in

quarters where it prevails has proved a serious obstacle to Christian progress, the bulk of the native population still clings to its primitive pagan faith in various ruling spirits, or *Balubare*, which, with local modifications, prevails among the negroes of Central Africa. Behind the *Balubare*, there exists for the Baganda a supreme Creator named Katonda, but as he has delegated many of his powers to the *Balubare*, it is they whom the people propitiate with gifts and offerings. They further believe that the souls of great chiefs may pass at death into the bodies of other men, and these *mandwa*, or medicine-men as they are called, naturally enjoy considerable influence and receive their full share of propitiatory gifts. The Baganda, Father Luke Plunkett assures us in his recent article on African languages and religions, in the *Catholic World*, possessed no idols and apparently nothing that could be called temples, but the waysides were studded with numerous little beehive-shaped huts made of sticks covered with grass, sacred to their *lubare*. Often these fetich huts were erected beside some large tree under which it was customary to place the earthenware pots of food and drink offered to the spirit. Thus much can be said for this primitive heathenism, that it lacks as a rule all repulsive ritual observances so common to heathen worship, that it inculcates no cruel practices—although savage kings in the past have been guilty of offering sacrifices of human blood—and that it appears to present no insuperable obstacles to the acceptance of divine truth when once this can be brought within the understanding of the native mind.

If, as seems probable, the naturally evolved religious faith of a people furnishes an index to its general characteristics, one might expect the believers in so comparatively inoffensive a faith themselves to possess a certain measure of gentleness and refinement. And this is precisely the case with the Baganda. All authorities agree in placing them in the foremost rank of African tribes for gentleness, adaptability, and intelligence, and it is clear that early troubles were the result far less of the character of the people than the badness of their savage rulers. Their very appearance is in their favour and is sympathetically commented on by every new-comer, and they have early adapted themselves to some approximation to a civilized standard in the matter of dress. The writer in *Blackwood* already quoted, notes with surprise that at Entebbe, the charming garden-girt city in which the English Commissioner

has his residence, both men and women had already discarded the native barkcloth and appeared in the streets in white or gaily-coloured cotton garments. And the Franciscan Sisters in their first letters home to St. Mary's Abbey noted with satisfaction the superior appearance of the Baganda to the fierce-looking negroes with mutilated features whom they had observed on their journey up country, adding :

Our people are very nice. They do not disfigure themselves. The men wear long garments of white calico or barkcloth, and the women are covered very decently with barkcloth wrapped dexterously round them. They do not cover the top of their shoulders, but tuck the end of the cloth securely under the arm.

Idle the Baganda may be, like all dwellers in equatorial lands, and averse to any kind of constant labour—they will start building a church with noisy enthusiasm, but soon weary of the job—yet the excellence of the wide native roads, constructed without any European help, and the skill and ingenuity the people display in reed and grass plaiting, give evidence of a natural technical skill which is only in need of intelligent development. Thieving is another of their less amiable propensities, and their notions of honesty do not certainly come up to civilized requirements, but these are the invariable failings of a people with a low moral standard, and should not be deemed beyond hope of improvement.

In their relations with the missionaries, on the other hand, the Baganda show themselves wonderfully docile and affectionate, and if their insatiable curiosity is at times disconcerting, it is invariably well meant, and it testifies to an alert intelligence which should easily be turned to account. Another point in their favour is their touching anxiety to be taught. As soon as the Franciscan Sisters had acquired an adequate mastery of the Luganda language they opened school in a grass-thatched building within their compound, lit and ventilated by the simple expedient of leaving an open space between roof and walls. Benches of course there are none, and a snap-shot photo sent home reveals a semicircle of little black figures, a wisp of barkcloth for their sole garment, lying on the ground with their slates before them, while a white-habited Sister imparts a writing lesson. Reading, writing, singing, drill, sewing, simple kindergarten, and of course the Catechism in Luganda, are the main educational subjects, and the Sisters' letters tell of a little play in Luganda that was performed by the children

in honour of the Bishop's feast-day. Regular attendance is difficult to enforce, as the children, like their elders, are lacking in perseverance; but of their conduct and progress when in school their teachers write with enthusiasm, though "like all children, they are full of tricks."

School in Uganda, however, is not confined to childhood. Every afternoon some sixty women of all ages collect in the school-house to be taught reading, writing, hymn-singing, and English. Their anxiety to learn English is specially great; they behave just like docile children, and are very pleased at their own progress and amusingly outspoken in their expressions of opinion. One of the Sisters writes:

We have translated "Mother of Mercy" into Luganda, and the women are learning to sing it. It is so funny teaching them anything new. The other day I thought they had "caught," as they call it, the words of the first line of a hymn, so I went on with the first word of the second line. "Stop, Marcella," they said, "Solano has been making us catch wisdom the whole afternoon, and we can't catch much more; wait till we have finished to catch the first before you start the second." We are trying to get them to remember the "Sister," or *Sirisita*, as they call it, before our names, but it is rather hard.

Teaching is but one of the many occupations of the Sisters. The little community of six has its hands full. During the first months after their installation in the wide-verandahed convent which, thanks to the Bishop, stood ready for them on their arrival, several hours a day had to be given to the study of the Luganda language, one of the Cathedral priests acting as teacher to the Sisters, whose future usefulness was entirely dependent on their success as linguists. The language presents very great difficulties, which are not lightened by the paucity of means for acquiring it except by ear and practice, the French "White Fathers" having almost had to create the written language as they learnt it from native lips on their first coming to the country. Happily daily intercourse with the natives successfully supplemented the grammatical instruction, and within six months of their arrival the Sisters were able to open school and embark on all their missionary duties.

Not the least important of these is the care of the sick, the distribution of medicines, the attending to the many ailments of native women and children, and the imparting to them some elementary notions of hygiene. This is done by a Sister who

is a trained nurse. Every morning some forty or fifty patients assemble in the convent verandah, many suffering from painful forms of skin disease, and the children with their toes nearly eaten away by "jiggers," the tiny white insect which buries itself under the toe-nail, and if not carefully dug out produces festering sores and acute discomfort.

Another duty is making the altar-breads for Mass for the various missions, a boon much appreciated by the Fathers, while a large share of the sacristy work of St. Peter's Cathedral naturally falls to the Sisters. St. Peter's is the centre of Catholic missionary work in Uganda; it testifies to the Baganda the beauty and splendour of Catholic ritual, and thither on great festivals flock the catechumens and native Christians from the small outlying missions. For these great occasions suitable decorations have to be devised for church and sanctuary, for which ingenuity in the dexterous use of what material lies to hand has to make up for paucity of means. Finally, there is the special training to be given to the Sisters' "children" as they are called, young Christian girls chosen for their good conduct, who help in the work in and around the convent, living in a hut within the compound, through whose good example it is hoped by degrees to raise the standard of morals and refinement among the people. One of them was married at Easter, and so can already put the Sisters' lessons into practice in her own hut. Of these twelve children, who feel themselves to be the privileged twelve of Nsambya Hill, the Sisters' letters recount many quaint anecdotes. One of them, Pia, has felt her importance greatly increased since the new Pope assumed *her* name on his elevation to the Papal throne. Of another the Reverend Mother writes:

One of our children was given for her work the cleaning of the hut and preparation of the children's food, until we tested her. Then, if she proved worthy and good, she was to be allowed to join the staff who serve the *Babikera* (Sisters). She has worked very faithfully, and said to the Sister the other day: "Sister, how many weeks have I been serving the children? I do not know 'weeks,' but I know that two moons have passed away, and a third moon has come and is nearly spent, yet my joy has not come. When shall I be allowed to serve the *Babikera*? my body aches doing this work, and my sorrows are very great," &c.

To their more regular duties the Sisters add the self-imposed one of gardening. Many European vegetables can be cultivated

successfully in Uganda, where the heavy rains and hot sunshine cause the vegetation to spring up with amazing rapidity. The Sisters even aspire to a flower-garden in front of the convent, an ambition which the "children" who help in the garden work regard with amused contempt, as they see no object in growing plants that cannot be used for food. So too they were filled with astonishment when they were first sent to pick flowers for the altar; any gaudy manufactured decoration would have satisfied their æsthetic tastes far more. Black is to them the colour that is at once the most beautiful and that can confer the greatest dignity upon the wearer; and when the sanctuary of the Cathedral was hung with black cloth for the Requiem for Leo XIII. the natives were unanimous in declaring it was the most beautiful feast they had ever enjoyed.

It is very pleasant to read of the friendly relations that have existed since their first landing from the lake steamer between the newly-arrived Sisters and the native Christians. Not even the impossibility of inter-communication except by signs damped in any degree the cordiality of the welcome given to them, and the good relations thus established have extended in all directions from the *Namisoli* or Queen-mother, and the two young Catholic princes Augustine and Joseph, to the humblest follower of the local chiefs. To live in a convent in Mengo is not to live in seclusion, but in an exhausting publicity. All day long the natives crowd round the building, and the Sisters have to show themselves at intervals to pacify their admirers. Not an act or a word of any member of the community passes unnoted. Even within the very walls of the convent, privacy can scarcely be obtained, for an enterprising child, peeping through a slit in a calico blind, will report triumphantly to an appreciative public that Sister So-and-so is cutting out cloth or working the sewing-machine, and the exciting fact is spread abroad throughout the whole neighbourhood. When the Sisters go for a walk they are followed by a respectful crowd; when they cross to the Cathedral for any function, crowds lie in wait for them and accompany them home again; to serve them in any way is an honour, to receive from them the most trifling gift—a safety-pin or a morsel of convent-baked bread—the height of felicity. Under such circumstances one can scarcely exaggerate the power for good that the nuns may prove among these simple, affectionate people, so quickly won by kindness and courtesy.

It is not surprising to learn that the Fathers of the various missions round Mengo are eager to secure the services of nuns for their parishes. "If only some of the nuns were in this mission," writes a priest from Mulajji, the third station to be established by Bishop Hanlon, "what great things might be done for the little ones." Unfortunately such a development must wait, not only for means but for vocations.

One must not, however, in writing of mission work paint everything *couleur de rose*, for even under favourable conditions the life is one that calls for perpetual self-denial. "It is downright hard work, and very grave work too," writes one of the Sisters, "and it is no use any one coming out here for novelty." The discomfort caused by mosquitoes and all the abundant insect life of the tropics, the constant liability to fever from which few Europeans are wholly exempt, the strange food, of which *matoke* or plantain forms the staple ingredient, to which European digestive organs have to grow accustomed, are some of the daily trials of which the letters speak—even at Nsambya Hill, the oldest and best established of Bishop Hanlon's missions, where good houses have been built for priests and Sisters, and where some at least of the comforts of civilization can be procured. What life must be in the more remote stations in the Bishop's vast vicariate, where the Fathers live in native huts among a still heathen population, many days' march through waving elephant grass from their nearest European neighbours, can scarcely be realized by those who have no knowledge of tropical regions. All experienced missionaries both Catholic and Protestant are agreed that it is sheer madness to attempt to live wholly in native fashion in Equatorial Africa. Bishop Hanlon is most emphatic on this point. "If the missionary tries it," he writes, "he doesn't live, but simply dies, and that very soon." And yet in the earliest stages of a mission it is almost impossible, for a time at least, for a priest to do otherwise. In addition to his evangelistic work he must act as architect, gardener, and common labourer before his mission can be placed upon a basis which allows him to give himself a chance in his perpetual warfare against fever and improper diet. And for the purchasing of what to him are the bare necessities of life the pecuniary means are often lacking, for it must be remembered that every civilized requirement, besides almost all that is needful for divine worship, has to be imported at great expense from England. Already death

has claimed several of the young priests who have followed Bishop Hanlon to the regions of the Upper Nile, and others have returned to Europe with shattered health.

A few statistics at this point will make it clear what St. Joseph's Missionary Society, in spite of all difficulties, has been able to accomplish. Nine years ago when Bishop Hanlon and his three companions arrived in Mengo, there were but 200 Catholics and about 1,000 catechumens, the first-fruits of the arduous labours of Cardinal Lavigerie's missionaries, within the newly-formed vicariate. To-day, according to the latest annual report, the number of missions is twelve, with thirteen schools and dispensaries, the native Christians number 15,000, the catechumens 16,000 more, and the children in the schools over 700. All this organization is carried on by thirty-two priests and six nuns.

Every catechumen lives for six months at one of the missionary stations and attends daily instruction by a priest before being admitted to Baptism. This six months' course is divided into four classes, each of six weeks' duration. In this way a class should be ready for Baptism every six weeks, and a fresh one started. Those who do not show sufficient stability of purpose or whose moral character is unsatisfactory are put back for a further period of probation: but this is very seldom necessary; the eagerness of the people for Baptism helps them over all their difficulties. And the sight of their childlike joy, often expressed with noisy effusion, when at length they are privileged to cross the threshold of the Church, constitutes the reward of the missionary.

One constant danger, and a distressing cause of loss and delay to the missions, is the frequency of fires, whether from accident or by lightning in the terrible thunder-storms which are one of the climatic features of Equatorial Africa. Native buildings are constructed of most inflammable material, and even when the walls are made not of plaited reeds, but of sunburnt brick, the roofs continue to be thatched with grass, which has the great advantage of keeping the interior of the building wonderfully cool. That it renders them peculiarly liable to fire goes without saying. When an outbreak is discovered at an early stage, the natives climb on the roof and beat out the flames with wet branches, but only too often the fire spreads with such rapidity that there is barely time to drag out the furniture. More than once the missionaries have seen

buildings which it took months of labour to erect destroyed before their eyes in a few minutes.

Unhappily as we are writing news comes of the greatest calamity that has yet befallen the missions: the total destruction of the Cathedral on Nsambya Hill, in a terrific hurricane on the night after Easter Sunday. The church was far the largest in the vicariate, holding from 2,000 to 3,000 people; the long roof was supported by a double aisle of palm posts, and into its construction, which occupied a year, the natives had put their best work of reeding and plaiting. All Holy Week it had been thronged with devout worshippers, and on Easter morning the communicants had been so numerous that the church could not contain them all. Towards evening the storm, which had been raging at intervals, increased in violence, and about midnight the whole edifice fell in with a crash. The loss to Bishop Hanlon is a very severe one, and is but one instance of the need for indomitable patience with which missionaries must arm themselves.

In one respect, and it is one that should not be overlooked, Uganda offers a very advantageous field for missionary labour. It is not indeed an English colony, but an English Protectorate, and there exists complete freedom to make converts by all peaceful means. Catholics in Uganda are as free to practise their religion as in every other part of the British Empire, and the Catholic missions have been treated with unvarying courtesy by the Uganda authorities. It therefore depends upon ourselves, upon the efforts we make, and the measure of self-sacrifice of which as a body we are capable, how fast or how slow the progress shall be. Until further help is forthcoming and more workers volunteer for the missionary field, it will be impossible for the community of St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, to extend their work beyond Mengo, however urgent the need. They and their near neighbours at St. Joseph's Missionary College are at one in this enterprize; and we have said enough to show how the work of the Sisters supplements in many valuable ways the pioneer work of the Fathers. When we remember how much that is evil is conveyed in the name of civilization to native races wherever the commercial spirit is allowed to prevail and the making of money takes precedence over the spreading of the Gospel, the claims on our charity of these helpless child-like people, eager to learn, and unable of themselves to distinguish good from evil, becomes urgent indeed.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

Mr. Sidney Webb on London Education.

THAT the Acts of 1902 and 1903 have inaugurated a new educational period is generally understood, and those of us who are responsible for the Catholic schools are busy in their endeavours to adapt them to the new requirements. What, however, is less generally understood is the full import of the new system, which needs to be estimated, not merely by the formal powers and obligations of the County Councils as regards the maintenance of the non-provided schools, or even by their readiness or unreadiness to fall in with our views in their exercise of these powers, but still more by the far-reaching and all-comprising programme on which are set the minds of those destined to take the leading part in moulding and administering the educational future of the country. Mr. Sidney Webb is eminently one of this class, being as he is both an influential leader of the Progressive party in the London County Council, and one who has made a special study of the problem of London Education, and has formed for himself a comprehensive idea of what it should be. His book therefore, entitled *London Education*,¹ which has just appeared and presents his ideal in brief but striking outline, is well worthy of the attention of Catholics at this critical moment.

In an initial chapter Mr. Webb surveys the present situation. Until now there has been no one public authority entrusted with the entire education of the country. Voluntary agencies had led the movement of the education of the masses, and when in 1870 the School Boards were established, the idea was that they were merely to supplement where voluntary effort failed. Hence these Boards had control only over their own schools, in which too they were restricted to providing education of the elementary grade, and had even overstepped their powers, as a recent judgment decided, by instituting their evening

¹ *London Education*. By Sidney Webb. London : Longmans, Green, and Co. 1904.

Continuation Classes. On the other hand, the County Councils, though permitted to provide Technical Education for adults, as they have been doing for some years past, were strictly limited in regard to the funds they might allocate to this purpose and were expressly forbidden to do anything for the children. But by the Act of 1903, which came into force on the 1st of May last, all this legal chaos is brought to an end.

Education, *as education*, becomes a function of the local authority—not the education of the poor alone or the education of the craftsmen; not elementary education merely, or technical education, or any other grade or kind of education, but just “education.” The new local authority is thus empowered to provide anything and everything that it deems necessary in the way of education—physical, mental, moral, elementary, secondary, University, manual, literary, artistic, scientific, commercial, technological, or professional—without restriction of subject or kind or grade; without limit of amount or cost; and without distinction of class or race or creed or sex or age. To the London County Council, as the directly elected executive body of the people of London, is given the power and the duty, subject to few conditions and practically no limitations, of equipping London with a complete educational system.

We ask naturally what in Mr. Webb's opinion this complete educational system is understood to involve, and it is this which his book explains to us. Summarily it is, he says:

To give to each of London's 800,000 children during the years of compulsory school attendance the most effective physical, moral, and intellectual training; to develop in them the utmost mental acquisitiveness; to arouse in as many as possible of them the indefinable quality that we call resourcefulness, initiative, inventiveness, or the capacity for meeting new conditions by new devices; to provide for the whole of them the widest possible opportunities for continuing their studies after leaving the day-school; to carry on, by a capacity-catching scholarship system, all whose brains make it profitable for the community to equip them with more advanced instruction; to organize, as well for these scholarship-holders as for all others able to benefit by it, an efficient and duly varied system of secondary and University education, whether predominantly literary, scientific, artistic, commercial, technological, or professional in type; to provide the best possible training for teachers of every kind and grade; and so to organize the whole machine as, while increasing knowledge and efficiency, to promote everywhere the development of character and culture, and ultimately to encourage the highest scholarship and the most advanced research—all this, and nothing less than this, is the duty which Parliament has committed to the London County Council.

What then has been already done and what remains to be done towards the accomplishment of this brilliant ideal! Here Mr. Webb expresses his regret that as yet no comprehensive survey has been made of London Education as a whole, like that of its technical education made for the County Council by Mr. Llewellyn Smith in 1892. It is in lieu of such an authenticated survey, and because few, even of the workers who are familiar enough with their own particular departments, have a clear perception of the subject as a whole, that he gives his own estimate of the present facts. Practically all the children of the poor are now on the rolls of schools recognized as "efficient," and the attendance averages 85.6. This is good as far as it goes, but is not a result to rest content with, especially as the deficiency is mainly due to the systematic irregularity of attendance of some 50,000 children. Of the quality of education given in the Elementary Schools, Mr. Webb's estimate is not such as to afford consolation to Catholics. The best hundred of the Board Schools, "with their splendid new buildings, their unstinted equipment, their specialized departments, their completely trained staffs, and their energetic headmasters and head-mistresses of the modern type," may, he thinks, challenge comparison with any schools of the same class throughout the world. But if there are these excellent Board Schools on one side of the average there are some very bad Board Schools on the other; indeed, "it may be doubted whether anybody but the School Board's own Inspectors know how unsatisfactory the worst schools are, or what proportion they bear to the whole." Of the 500 Voluntary Schools, a score or so of Church of England Schools, the few Jewish, and nearly all the Wesleyan and British Schools, are of good average efficiency, but some 200 Church of England Schools, and nearly all the 100 Catholic Schools are, as far as secular education is concerned, "calamitously behindhand." Of these latter, "it is not merely that their buildings are inferior and antiquated, their equipment and furniture insufficient, and their teaching staffs inadequate, and in too many cases inefficient. What is more serious is the extent to which these schools have fallen behind in educational ideas and methods; their inability to provide adequate instruction in the upper standards, and their comparative failure in such subjects as elementary science and drawing. No child in these 400 schools has any practical chance of winning a scholarship under any system of open

competition, and is thus inevitably debarred, however gifted it may be, from access to higher education." And altogether Mr. Webb's summing up in regard to the present state of the Elementary Schools of London—which, he says, "will come to most people as it did to (him) with the shock of surprise"—is that "of all the thousand Public Elementary Schools of London, including both Board and Voluntary, there are competent observers who declare that nearly half of them, containing about a quarter of all the children, would probably be condemned as inefficient, either in respect of buildings or sanitation, of staffing or equipment, of curriculum or real success in child-training, by a Swiss, Danish, a Saxon, a Prussian, or a Massachusetts School Inspector."

It is obvious that one who thus estimates our deficiencies should demand their rectification with as much speed as possible. "We simply cannot afford," says Mr. Webb, "to leave 200,000 London children to this fate." With the spirit in which this is said we must all sympathize, but let us see what amount of remodelling and of additional provision he considers necessary for this end. As regards buildings and premises, "at least a quarter of the present Elementary School buildings of London are (to be deemed) old and insanitary, and will have to be rebuilt, if not by the foundation managers out of private subscriptions, then as provided schools at the public expense." And then there is the most pressing problem of all—the supply of trained teachers. The County Council will necessarily require to have fully trained teachers in all the schools non-provided as well as provided, under its jurisdiction, and yet this means that half as many more teachers as at present will be needed; in other words, to supply the wants of London alone will take 40 per cent. of the present annual output of all the existing training colleges in England and Wales. Hence it is agreed that London must provide for its own use additional training college accommodation "equal to an annual output of 500 teachers, chiefly women," and the only doubt is as to whether preference shall be given to residential training colleges like Isleworth and Stockwell, or to day training colleges, like the one already existing in connection with the London University. There are *pros* and *cons* on either side, the day college system being the better in itself, but less fitted for young people coming from artisan or lower middle class homes. Mr. Webb draws the obvious conclusion that both classes of training

colleges must be provided, but he foresees that the outlay required for the purpose will be enormous.

Nor is training college accommodation more than a part of the provision required for the formation of our future teachers. There is the earlier stage of their training to be considered, that which till now has been called the pupil-teacher stage. The pupil teachers who, between fourteen and eighteen, teach all day and study in the evening under very insufficient tutorship, have long ceased to be in the Board Schools, and have only been retained in Voluntary Schools because of the poverty of their resources. But in future the Board of Education will require that all aspirants to the office of Elementary Teachers shall have been receiving secondary education up to the age of sixteen, their apprenticeship being delayed till this age is reached, or even, if desired in the interest of their studies, till they are nearly eighteen. On the other hand, experience proves that children who are to receive secondary education should pass from the Elementary to the Secondary Schools, not as has been hitherto customary at thirteen and fourteen, but before twelve. Here fresh sources of expenditure arise. The London County Council has for some time past offered for competition a very large number of Junior and Senior Scholarships to enable the pick of the children in their schools to go on afterwards to the Technical College or the University. These scholarships, if we count in some provided by trust funds, amount at present to over eight hundred of the junior and over six hundred of the senior class. But Mr. Webb foresees the probable necessity of still further increasing their number and value, to attract candidates who so far are very insufficiently attracted to the teaching career yet will be required in future in greater numbers; and also of making the Junior Scholarships tenable from twelve instead of thirteen, and for four years instead of two; indeed, of setting aside the element of competition, and "of beginning the selecting process by a preliminary examination, conducted by the head-teachers themselves, in their own schools, of all the children who have attained the Fifth Standard before the age of twelve; and of undertaking to award the scholarships, not to any fixed number of winners, but to all who in the subsequent centralized competitive examination, reached a certain percentage of marks." Finally, if all these embryo teachers are to be passed over to Secondary Schools, there must be a suffi-

ciency of Secondary Schools to receive them. Here, however, Mr. Webb does not think the London County Council will encounter any fresh difficulty. The Secondary Schools already existing in London, public and private, are on the whole sufficient in number and quality, though they may, in many cases, require grants from public funds to enable them to increase and improve their staff, and though they will all need systematic public inspection to keep them up to the mark, especially in regard to such subjects as science, drawing, and modern languages.

On this brilliant plan is it projected that our Elementary Education system shall be evolved, and even so, as we have seen, valuable opportunities are offered, not merely to the embryo teachers, but also to others of the more talented children, for receiving the same kind of liberal education as is given to the children of the higher middle class. But Mr. Webb and his fellow-administrators are bent on going much further than this, and of providing the means by which the general mass of the children, when they leave the Elementary Schools, may be stimulated and enabled to continue their studies, and carry them on to a degree limited only by their own individual capacities. It was to secure this that the London School Board and the London County Council devised their Evening Classes, "providing instruction in every imaginable subject of literature, science, art, and technology." Of these classes, those under the School Board have been conducted in the day-school buildings by members of the day-school staff; but the London County Council's Technology Classes, which are for more advanced students, are conducted in the polytechnics and schools and technical institutes under its control, where the needful appliances are provided, and the teachers are specialists in their respective subjects. Moreover, in six of these polytechnics the highest classes have been included in the faculties of the newly-organized University of London, so that the students attending them have the opportunity, without going outside their own neighbourhood, of becoming members of this University, able to take its degrees and to profit by all the educational advantages it has to bestow. At present it is to be acknowledged that the youth of London do not avail themselves adequately of these advantages, for at present out of over 600,000 young people between fourteen and twenty-one, less than a third are members of any institution, educational

or recreational, but it is suggested that every boy or girl who leaves school at fourteen or fifteen might, until the age of twenty-one, should attend some evening-class institution. If only they were to attend once a week, it would be of solid advantage to them, but the hope, somewhat justified by the turn of the tide a few years back, is that in a few years' time an immense number will be gained over to study and enthusiastic attendance, and it is for this expected multitude that the system of polytechnics, &c., in combination with the London University, is to be developed on a vast scale.

In three chapters, on the University, on Commercial Education, and on Polytechnics, Mr. Webb draws a picture of what this development is to be. It is particularly to this part of his scheme that we desire to draw attention, but we must be content in these pages to indicate very briefly its leading features. The University of London, now transformed from a mere board of examiners into a fully constituted teaching body, is to place itself at the head of the entire system of London education. It is not to copy slavishly the traditional pattern of the older Universities, but to strike out fresh lines adapted to its proper function of supplying higher education to the sons and daughters of the artisan and lower middle classes. In this its vocation it cannot hope to gather together its members in adjacent Colleges, or even in affiliated Colleges at all. The bond of union by which its members are attached to it must be, not in the Colleges, but in the professional faculties. Each of these faculties must consist of many members, some occupied with one branch, some with another of their special departments; they must have frequent opportunities of conference and intercourse, and must be knit together in an organization of their own headed by an Academic Council, which will form an advisory council to the Senate of the University. The Professors, appointed by the University, will hold classes in different localities, so arranged that no part of London will be without classes of this kind in its midst; and the students by joining these classes may, as is already the case in the six instances above mentioned, become full internal members of the University, qualified to put in for all its degrees, and enjoy all the rights of their condition as undergraduates or graduates. The chief centres where these University classes are to be held, are to be, like those already in working order, Polytechnics. That is to say, the Polytechnics which embrace within their scope classes of all kinds and grades,

are to be the link between the Elementary Schools and the University. These institutions are of quite recent growth, the name being derived from Mr. Quintin Hogg's philanthropic enterprize in Regent Street, and the type set by combining the educational arrangements originally contemplated by this institution with those for the social intercourse and recreation of its members, which formed the leading feature of the People's Palace. For some of our readers it is superfluous to explain the workings of the Polytechnics, but others may be recommended a visit to the one in Regent Street. The important feature about them, however, which from the point of view of this article needs to be observed, is the large scale on which they are carried on. On the recreational side, "in every polytechnic institute the club-rooms and drawing-rooms for men and women, the concerts and entertainments of various sorts, the popular lectures and excursions, form a leading feature. Well-equipped gymnasia and playing-fields, billiards, and other games, reading-rooms and lending-libraries, as well as mutual societies of all kinds (debating, essay, Shakespeare, swimming, rambling, cycling, cricket, rowing, photography, and what not), enrol tens of thousands of members." And on the educational side :

It is now possible, in several of these institutions, for a boy or girl to enter after passing the Fifth Standard at the Public Elementary School ; to remain in the Polytechnic Day School up to sixteen or seventeen ; on leaving school at any age, to continue education in any branch of study, in either evening or day classes ; to prepare either for manual labour, commerce, the higher ranges of technical science, or the classical curriculum of the University ; to qualify for membership of the professional associations or take a London Degree ; and finally to specialize, in post-graduate investigation or research, in various departments of science, literature, or art. From the beginning to the end of the career of such a student, he or she may remain at one and the same institution, studying either in the daytime or in the evening, as may be most convenient, and passing from teacher to teacher, under the personal influence of the same principal. The visitor who goes over one of the larger and more highly-developed polytechnics will find within the institution on the day of his visit all kinds and grades of educational work simultaneously going on. In one room he will see boys of fourteen learning arithmetic, or girls being taught to sew ; in another wing of the same building he will come across classes of plumbers or bricklayers, compositors or tailors, receiving practical training in the processes of their respective crafts ; close by will be

seen the smithy or the fitting shop, crowded with young engineering artisans; in other class-rooms he will find groups reading Dante, or studying economics; and presently he will enter a splendidly equipped physical or chemical laboratory, where he may discover (as at Battersea the other day) the professor with a selected band of students working out a Royal Society grant for original research, or (as at the South-West London Polytechnic) graduates of more than one University preparing their theses for the doctor's degree.

The mention here of post-graduate classes leads us back to the question of London University organization, in which after the manner of the American Universities the encouragement of post-graduate study is to be another special feature. These post-graduates are to be encouraged to fall in with the policy of concentration which will tend to unite them in one or two more central Colleges (to be open alike in the day-time and the evening), where they can have the assistance of the very best specialists the University numbers on its lists, and avail themselves of the most perfectly appointed libraries and laboratories. Their formation is to be the choice work of the University, by which it will be judged by other Universities, for "it will be by the patient work of the post-graduate students, and in their friendly personal intercourse with the professors that will be trained not only the future teachers and professors for Universities all the world over, but also those to whom we look for the advancement of science and learning."

So much on the methods by which the educational system of the future is to pursue its objects, but a word remains to be added on the contemplated revision and extension of the curriculum of secondary education generally, and of London University teaching as presiding over it. It is to become much more utilitarian than it is. The ancient classics are to be banished from their predominant rank in the school-room. For such fancy students as demand it let there be classes in which they still continue to be taught. But for the mass of the students something much more practical will be required. Hence the ordinary curriculum must be drawn up on the principle of equipping the students as directly as possible with the knowledge and capacity which will best help them in the work of life—not indeed to the entire neglect of general culture, but by using as the instrument for this culture the same careful study of modern languages and modern literature, as past generations have bestowed on the language and literature

of Greece and Rome. In other words, the type to be preferred is that which has lately effected an entrance into the older public schools, under the name of "modern side;" and Mr. Webb, in his chapter on Commercial Education, sketches out a complete system of commercial schools, commercial continuation classes, and commercial post-graduate courses, all crowned by a commercial faculty in the London University—which faculty in its extension and multitudinous subdivisions is apparently to bulk larger than all the other faculties.

For experience shows . . . that commercial education of this higher grade requires to be differentiated according to the occupation for which its students are preparing, or in which they are engaged. In fact, if you offer the clerk or business man simply an undifferentiated something which you call commercial education, he will, quite rightly, pass by on the other side. . . . The merchant, the shipowner or shipbroker, the corn-factor, the produce-broker, and their principal *employés*, form perhaps one complex group which is between twenty and thirty thousand strong in London. The insurance clerks, actuaries, and public-accountants,—numbering, perhaps, another ten thousand—have quite different requirements, and need themselves to be split up again into three, or even four distinct groups. The great army of railway officials, from the assistant traffic manager down to the junior clerks in the secretary's office, need yet another kind of instruction. The eight or nine thousand clerks in banks and finance houses have specialized wants of their own. Finally, there are the twenty thousand clerks employed in public administration, national and municipal, for whom a distinct curriculum has to be provided.

Such is the brilliant vision of the London education of the future which floats before the eyes of one who speaks not for himself only but for the large and influential class whose views he represents. It is a scheme which is, and will continue to divide men's views sharply, and to be searchingly and fiercely discussed. As it stands in all the breadth of its conception, how, it will be asked, can it be deemed other than Utopian? The expense would be simply enormous and yet would be only one branch of an expenditure likely to increase on every side. Mr. Webb, it is true, once told us he would regard it with indifference, if the rates should come to twenty shillings in the pound, but such a feeling is not likely to be general with the citizens of London. Is it likely that the youth of London will, in anything like the proportion on which

Mr. Webb counts, prove themselves prepared, after their day's work, for the study and exacting efforts without which these severe evening studies will yield them no solid gain? The mass of boys hate study, because of its strain on mind and body, and experience of the modern sides of the public schools shows that the more utilitarian form of the curriculum makes little if any difference. Of course, if there is the prospect of a proximate pecuniary gain, the stimulus is widely felt, but then arises the further question whether if all are to be so highly educated, the equipment of a high education will count for so much in the competition for employment. And then again—inasmuch as the kinds of work which have to be done in every social organism, and with which therefore all the grades of employment must be correlated, are hierarchically arranged, —and it is not in the power of man to make it otherwise—will it tend to social rest if the distribution of educational qualifications ceases to be hierarchical and is equalized among all ranks? Will a man be the more contented to do the work of a day labourer, if he has learnt to speak and write in one or two languages, and has studied the laws of optics, or the principles of banking? True, it may be said that the young student will choose his classes according to his prospects; but is this in human nature whilst the same facilities are offered for learning the higher as the lower branches of knowledge? And, again, inasmuch as it is acknowledged that commercial education in some generalized form is useless and unattractive, and that in consequence it is necessary to subdivide and specialize the classes almost to an infinite degree, to meet the requirements of the different trades and subdivisions of trades, does not that point to the superiority of the older system, in which young people were taught the methods of their particular employers in the various offices and shops in which they work? No doubt the blame for the disuse of this older system lies largely with the employers, who find it pleasanter to get their *employés* taught elsewhere than to teach them themselves, but is there no way of making them resume the responsibility they are so pleased to cast upon the public purse?

These are some of the questions which a scheme so vast challenges, and perhaps it may be inferred that the new projects are not likely to be realized in the entirety in which they captivate their admirers. This, however, is a question which

we do not need to discuss, for it is sufficient for our present purpose to conclude, as we surely may, that ideals advocated by men who have so much power to carry them out, and corresponding with the desire of so many young people to get themselves well educated, are sure to lead to very considerable results, and need therefore to be carefully studied by ourselves as Catholics, from the point of view of the mode and extent to which they may affect interests which we can never cease to hold sacred.

This is a question which, in a more generalized form, Mr. Sidney Webb himself approaches in his final chapter, entitled the *Lion in the path*. It is a pleasure to testify to the moderate and reasonable way in which he writes on the subject. His chief care, which he has evidently very much at heart, is to see that no section of the children of London shall be shut out on the grounds of creed from the full benefit of such education as London is prepared to provide. Needless to say that in this we can only regard him as a valuable ally, nor is there much from which we shall dissent in the ideas he expresses in regard to the religious difficulty that has arisen. It is not the religious question in itself which he designates by the name of *Lion in the path*, but the very thing of which we ourselves are complaining. "It is a peculiarity of educational politics," he says, "that, in some countries, at some stages of their development, the clash of religious controversy rouses feelings of such intensity, that the rival partisans would occasionally rather wreck the whole machine, waste all the millions of public money, and even let the little children suffer, than permit their respective adversaries to gain a seeming triumph." And he complains that the tendency of such people is at times to seek to get into a directing committee, or some other office in the administration of the law, with the intention of using their position to administer the law, not according to the purpose for which it was framed, but according to the purpose for which they themselves think it should have been framed. "The Lion in the path is this peril of administrative perversion." This of course is just what the Nonconformists are doing in Wales and in the West Riding, and no doubt it is they whom Mr. Webb has in mind. His criticisms on their procedure are obviously just, but it is none the less a satisfaction to us to have from him so distinct a protest against it. "I for one," he says in his Preface, "intend to keep politics—even educational

politics—apart from administration.” Mr. Webb also, though dissatisfied with certain provisions of the Act which he does not name, takes exactly our view on two points which we must regard as of fundamental importance. For he can see no reason in the contention that the State ought not to subsidize what a portion of the people regard as “error;” “it *must*,” he truly says, “accept as the basis and vehicle of its instruction that which *some or other* members deem to be error.” And he insists that :

if we made all schools “undenominational” or even “secular,” and imposed one particular form of moral instruction on all of them alike, we should necessarily have to couch this in some phraseology of scientific, metaphysical, or theological exposition of the order of the universe, and by any such uniformity, inevitably by implication either theistic or agnostic, we should be erecting a far more restrictive test than is involved by the present diversity. We should, in fact, in that case exclude, not from this or that school only, but from the whole teaching profession, all those who could not swallow either the positive or the negative implications of the one official formula for the time being. The diversity of the creed of the parents and the children being accompanied by an equal diversity of creed among those who wish to be teachers, the actually existing diversity of schools involves, as a matter of fact, the minimum of exclusion on account of ethical views or religious beliefs, and thus makes the teaching profession compatible with the widest practicable variety of opinions, . . . (and, moreover), as each denomination pays its own share of the rates and taxes, each may be regarded as, in effect, paying only for the particular schools which do not offend its conscience.

If our Catholic Schools are to be dealt with on these lines—as indeed they are being dealt with, we are happy to acknowledge, in some of the provincial cities—we shall show no disposition to complain, but on the contrary still find ourselves in full sympathy with the endeavours of those who, like Mr. Webb, are anxious to secure a high standard of educational results for the children of London, our own included. For we certainly are not of the sort who “would even let the little children suffer, rather than permit their adversaries to gain a seeming triumph.” We have no wish to triumph over anybody, and would like to see every section of the community granted what it desires for its own children. All we claim is to be allowed our own schools for the training of our own children, and we claim that much, not because it is in itself a pleasure

to be dissociated from our fellow-citizens, for it is just the contrary, but because experience teaches us that, if our children are forced into schools where other religious conceptions and other ideals of religious practice prevail, their faith is sure to suffer seriously, and in most cases fatally. At the very time we are writing, an article in the current number of a magazine, written by one who can speak from wide experience, comments on the general absence of the religious sense in the British school-boy. In our Catholic Schools, on the contrary, the vast majority of the boys manifest a very genuine and solid religious sense. Thus, to take an instance of a suburban district, where a Catholic Elementary School was opened a few years back, into which were gathered the Catholic children who had previously been attending the local Board School. When they first came to the Catholic School they were little heathens, knowing little of their own religion, little indeed of any religion at all, and having very little of the religious sense. Now they are quite changed; they know their religion well, take to heart all its teachings, and are fervent in its practices; there can be no question now that they have that strong religious sense which is so usual in Catholic Schools, and lies at the root of that easy hold which their teachers have over them, to the not seldom expressed admiration of the Government Inspectors. What wonder then that we should attach importance to the relations of Catholic schools under Catholic teachers in close relation with the Catholic priesthood. On the other hand, when once this is secured to us, as it will be if the new Act is administered, as Mr. Webb proposes to administer it, in the spirit in which it was framed, there need be no fear that we shall offer any opposition to the local authority in its measures for raising the standard of secular education in our schools. Rather we shall welcome all that it does for us, and strive to carry out its instructions loyally; and that not merely in the spirit of duty, but because it is just what we want ourselves. If we are constrained to choose between sacrificing what is essential to the preservation of our children's faith or what will place them on an equality in point of secular education with the children of other faiths, we shall always prefer the latter alternative—for we can never forget the divine injunction, to "seek first the Kingdom of Heaven." But when once their faith is secure, we desire for them every educational advantage which is offered to others.

There are grounds, among which Mr. Sidney Webb's indications of policy can be reckoned, for hoping that, in London at all events, we shall not be forced to make the distressing choice just mentioned. At the same time, we cannot ponder on the vast programme to which London's educational administrators are about to address themselves, without feeling that we are confronted by some very serious difficulties indeed, if we would preserve our children's faith. We have heard Mr. Webb condemn *en bloc* the present condition of the hundred Catholic schools of London. If they are so much below the standard—and as regards premises, strength of staff, and provision for a certain class of subjects, they probably are—it is through no want of educational zeal on our part, for surely no section of the community has made greater sacrifices than we have done to meet the necessary requirements of the Education Office, nor have we fallen so much behind save in those higher standards where precisely the want of money makes most difference; it is simply because we have no public purse to draw upon, but are about the poorest of the religious denominations in the country. And this disadvantage still remains with us. If no indulgence is shown us, and we are speedily called upon to rebuild so many of our schools, bringing them up to the exacting modern standard, how will it be possible to meet so heavy an expense? Again, if our embryo-teachers are to be drafted off so extensively to secondary schools, how are we, with sufficient promptness, to provide schools of this kind sufficiently well appointed to meet the requirements of the County Council, and sufficiently diffused to meet the requirements of the students—for, speaking generally, we imagine it will be best for the scholarship-holders to live in their own homes and get their secondary education in day schools? And then, again, as regards the Polytechnics, with their elaborate array of Continuation Classes, and their lavish provision for recreation and social intercourse. If these are to be multiplied, as is proposed, so that one at least will be established in every district in London, how will they affect the provision we have recently been making to keep in touch with our young people during their teens? It will be quite impossible for us to set up institutions at all comparable with these, nor can we wish that our young people should miss the advantages they have to bestow. Yet sad experience has taught us how disastrous it is for our young people to pass out of reach of the Church's agencies and

influences during those specially formative years of their opening lives.

The prospect of such coming requirements may well appear formidable, but we must do our best to meet them, and fortunately we have among our clergy and laity some men of sound practical experience to guide our action. Still it is well that we should all have a clear idea of the situation in which we are placed, and it is to contribute towards forming such an idea that these pages have been written.

S. F. S.

Matthieu De Gruchy.

1761—1797.

DOUBTLESS amongst those whose names have never been trumpeted by Fame, there are many heroes, whose deeds, if recorded, would far outshine the deeds of those whom the world most loudly extols. So, amongst the servants of God and the heroes of the Church, there are many whose names the Church has never placed on her list of saints, and yet their lives were indeed glorious.

Such a one was Matthieu De Gruchy, whose simple life, leaving aside that which belongs to the supernatural, was full of incident, and the history of which reads like the pages of romance. Although descended from a stock which in old times had not been without renown in French history, his parents at the time of his birth were in very lowly circumstances. The family, like so many others, had fled from France about the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. As is well known, large numbers of these poor people found an asylum in England, and naturally, no inconsiderable number were attracted to the Channel Islands, and especially to Jersey, which was the nearest point where they could find shelter and safety. Amongst those who had long dwelt in Jersey, and who, from the force of circumstances, whilst retaining a love for the old Fatherland, had become intensely British, as are all the natives of the Channel Islands at this day, was Philip De Gruchy and his wife Anne Dufeu. It seems probable that both Philip and his wife were natives of the island. Matthieu, the subject of this brief memoir, was born in the parish of S. Saviour, Jersey, on August 19th, 1761. His father, Philip, died on August 10th, 1767, leaving a widow and six children, of whom two were boys and four girls. The widow was a woman of a fine character, and threw herself unreservedly into the work of providing for her children, and training their minds. Although an ardent adherent of the "Reformed Church," she

seems sometimes to have spoken to her children of the old Faith of their forefathers. The eldest son died in childhood, and so Matthieu became the head of this branch of the family. There were two uncles, Matthieu and Elie De Gruchy, who took a great interest in their young nephew, and undertook the care of his education. They were men of substance and not without ambition for the boy, whom they destined for the ministry. Their dream was to see him Rector of one of the parishes of the island, a position, which whilst it would afford much comfort to the Rector, personally, would also reflect glory on his family. But the salt of the sea was in the boy's blood, and whilst the uncles dreamed of the most hum-drum life for the lad, he himself was full of the thoughts of the sea, with its countless changes and chances, and of the lands beyond, and of wondrous adventures.

The boy was not a mere dreamer, but thoughtful beyond his years. Without for a moment abandoning his yearning for the sea, he resolved before setting forth on his adventures, to acquire some trade or handicraft which might render him capable of earning his living wherever fortune might send him. He induced another uncle, who was a prosperous bootmaker, to take him as an apprentice. He had not been long engaged in this work before his chance came. An uncle on his mother's side, Laurence Dufeu, was the commander of a small trading vessel, sailing from Jersey, sometimes to the neighbouring coast of France, sometimes to ports on the southern coast of England. Much of the trade done by this good skipper may have been of a perfectly legitimate character, but the more lucrative part came from the running of contraband cargoes, and the sale of goods in England which had not contributed to the revenue of His Britannic Majesty. In the latter part of the business young Matthieu proved himself an adept. Two years were spent in this career, during which the lad acquired skill as a seaman and some considerable knowledge of navigation under the tuition of his uncle, the captain.

In 1778, when De Gruchy was in his seventeenth year, war broke out between England and France. At once the Channel Islands became the centre of activity; the vessels of the contending powers continually swept the waters around the islands or sought to capture the trading vessels of the enemy. Matthieu soon gave up the comparatively quiet life of a smuggler for the more exciting life of actual warfare, and found

a position suitable to his ambition on board a privateer named after the Governor of the Island, the *General Conway*. This vessel after one or two small captures had the good fortune to seize two French traders, the *Mignonne de Nantes* and the *Pucelle d'Orleans*. Prize crews were placed on board these vessels, with orders to take them to Jersey, whilst the *General Conway* pursued her course in search of fresh adventures. De Gruchy was entrusted with the command of the *Pucelle*, and set his course for his native isle. On September 11th, 1778, two vessels of the French navy hove in sight, the *Fier* and the *Sulphide*. In spite of all efforts to escape, the *Pucelle* was soon recaptured by the French vessels, and Matthieu and his companions found themselves prisoners on board the *Fier*. In those rough times little consideration was shown by either side to their prisoners; their treatment was harsh and very cruel, their food poor and scanty. The commander of the *Fier* was struck by the appearance and bearing of his young prisoner, and made great efforts to induce him to take service under the French flag. Matthieu promptly refused all offers, and declared his loyalty to the flag under which he and his forefathers had found freedom. With many other English prisoners he was kept for a time at Brest and then sent to Dinan, where large numbers of these helpless victims died in the overcrowded prisons, and where our hero was on one occasion so ill that he was moved into the apartment of the dying.

He and many of his fellow-prisoners, most of whom had been sailors in vessels flying the English flag, were sent from one prison to another until at last they came to Angers. Here on account of the crowded state of the prison many of the worst cases were sent to the public hospital. De Gruchy was sent with them, both that he might assist in the work of nursing and also that he might act as general interpreter, for like so many of his fellow-islanders he spoke both languages with equal facility. This hospital was, at the time, under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. These good Sisters and their chaplain, M. l'Abbé de la Besnarderie, were greatly attracted by Matthieu, and conceived the idea of working for the conversion of the unhappy stranger. There seems to have been more zeal than wisdom in their efforts, which were without result. Amongst the prisoners were many Catholics, and their hard lot, their many dangers, together with their ignorance of the language of their captors, touched the heart of the Bishop of

Angers, who deputed an Irish priest to attend to the spiritual needs of the English prisoners. The name of this good priest, of whom we shall hear more later, is given in the manuscripts as Drady, this we may be allowed to surmise should have been Grady or O'Grady. His devotion to the poor Catholic prisoners attracted the notice of De Gruchy, and the latter having again been brought to the point of death by a very severe illness, began to turn his thoughts more towards religion. Under the care and instruction of Père Drady he finally resolved to embrace the true faith, and having been received into the Church he had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion for the first time on July 13th, 1780.

Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the prison at Saumur. Here he was treated at times with great harshness, at other times he was overwhelmed with kindness, these alterations depending on the moods of M. Dupuy, who held an important military position in the town. At length, worn out by sickness and discouraged by the cruelty with which he was frequently treated, he resolved to make his escape, and, if possible, to aid a fellow-prisoner to do the same. Taking advantage of the greater freedom which from time to time was granted him, and securing two blank forms of passport from the office of the Commissioner to whose harshness he owed much of his misery, he and his companion secretly left the town. He had filled up the two passports with less scrupulosity than he usually exhibited, and so he and his companion, a poor Irish sailor, bade farewell to Saumur and set forth towards Angers.

They arrived at the village of Rosiers just at the time of High Mass. After Mass he entered a humble auberge, where he found a number of carriers regaling themselves prior to their departure for Angers. He came to an arrangement with them, and on payment of the few pence which remained after he had paid for his food, he was allowed to ride one of the horses, already burdened with packages. His delight at his good fortune was soon cooled when his companions, after the manner of their class, began to joke him, remarking that he looked like an Englishman, and that perhaps he was a runaway prisoner. He managed to turn aside these railleries, which evidently were uttered without the least suspicion of the truth. It was late at night when they reached Angers. Worn out with the journey and penniless, his position was a very critical one. He had not the means to procure a lodging, and he knew that if

found wandering about at night, and unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he would be thrown into prison. In his distress he remembered a young man whose acquaintance he had made when he was a prisoner in the town. He determined to seek out this young man, and to beg a shelter for the night. He was kindly received by his friend ; food was soon provided, and he was shown to a small chamber where he was able to pass the night. Early next morning he secretly visited his old friend, l'Abbé de la Besnarderie. Great was the consternation of the good Abbé at the sight of his young friend; and when he heard from his lips the account of his escape and flight, and especially of the stolen passport, he was filled with fear. Snatching the compromising document from the young man's hand, he tore it to pieces, and administered a good lecture on the enormity of his conduct, and on the terrible consequences which might be expected to follow. The good chaplain, though full of fear of the consequences to himself, and of the compromising nature of any act of complicity in the escape of a prisoner, finally resolved to aid him as far as possible. Matthieu's young friend, with whom he had passed the preceding night, was called to their councils, and through his agency a safe retreat was found in the house of a good widow, and there our hero remained for a fortnight, whilst his friends were making their plans for his future. When those who were answerable for the safe-guarding of the prisoners in Saumur discovered the flight of Matthieu, every effort was made to ensure his recapture. The police agents communicated with the authorities throughout the country, and stringent orders were sent to Angers to look out for the fugitive. Soon the search became so keen that it was evident that unless he could escape from the town his capture was a question only of days, or even hours. In this extremity the Abbé bethought him of his own native village of Mênil, some twenty miles from Angers, where his old father had a small estate on which he employed several labourers. It was a small place without commerce or industries of any kind, and lying out of the beaten track. Here safety might be found at least for a time ; but how was the poor outcast to reach this haven without attracting the notice of those who were so keenly searching for him? A young baker, a native of Mênil, whom business brought from time to time to Angers, was at that moment in the city, and about to return to Mênil. The Abbé confided to him the state of affairs, and asked his co-operation,

which was readily promised. The good priest wrote a letter to his father, asking him to assist the lad and to find some employment for him, either on his own farm or in the village. Benoit Dépote, the young baker, did not disguise from himself or from his companion the danger of the enterprize. He persuaded Matthieu to change clothes with him, and he undertook to answer all challenges and any inquiries that might be made. At ten o'clock on a December night the two friends set out on their perilous journey. The war between England and France still continued, and as there were many prisoners in Angers, the city gates were closed and carefully guarded at night. Only one gate was left open, and a strong guard was always posted there. When the two young men approached the gate they were challenged by the sentinel, and Benoit, according to arrangement, promptly replied, "Benoit Déporte, baker," whilst Matthieu kept a prudent silence. Without further question they were allowed to pass, and soon found themselves in the open country. They had not however proceeded far when the gallop of horses, the rattle of accoutrements, and the voices of men, warned them of a new danger, and before they were able to make any plan for their safety they found themselves in the midst of a mounted patrol. None of the horsemen seemed to notice them, and they were left to pursue their way unchallenged. Astounded at their good fortune, they thanked God for their deliverance, and pressed forward with renewed energy. Nearly worn out by their long tramp, and also by the excitement caused by their adventures, they arrived at the village of St. George, some twelve miles from Angers. Having rested here for a few hours they again set forth at five o'clock in the morning, and the same day arrived at Ménil. Here Matthieu, having presented the letter with which he had been entrusted by the good Abbé, was kindly received by M. de la Besnarderie. Here he remained for several weeks, being engaged about the farm or in household work. But as the danger of discovery was ever before his eyes, and as his employer seemed to dread the consequences of such a discovery to himself and his family, an arrangement was made by which he entered into the service of a certain M. Maugin, who had married one of M. de la Besnarderie's daughters, and who was engaged in business at Trementine. Matthieu was engaged by his new employer in many very humble occupations, but soon rose high in the confidence and esteem of his master. His happiness was

tempered by a new danger. The war which was still raging demanded an ever-increasing number of conscripts for the French armies. Matthieu, now in his twentieth year, was just as firmly resolved as on a former occasion, when a prisoner on board the *Fier*, not to join the enemies of his country and his flag, yet any protest on his part would necessarily lead to the discovery that he was an English subject, and an escaped prisoner. Fortunately his master was a man of considerable influence, and he was successful in inducing the local authorities to exempt his *protégé* from military service. This exemption, however, drew upon him not unnaturally the jealousy and hatred of the less fortunate youths of the locality, and he had many things to suffer at their hands. About this time he received the Sacrament of Confirmation, administered by Mgr. de Crussol, Bishop of Rochelle. Soon after peace was again restored between France and England, followed by a general amnesty. There was great astonishment in Trementine and the neighbourhood when the mystery of Matthieu's life was revealed. After a short time he resolved to quit the employment of M. Maugin, and to take up the trade of a cabinet maker. In this choice he was prompted by his strong desire to be near a church, where he might daily assist at Mass and the Divine Offices; he seemed to feel the need of special help, and believed that he could save his soul more surely in the humble position of a workman than in any more exalted career.

Soon after taking up his new work he was chosen to accompany his master to Saint-Mars-la-Reorthie, where the latter had been engaged to erect a pulpit and sanctuary stalls. This employment, which to the young man was most congenial, brought him to the notice of the Curé, M. Morennes, and of a wealthy widow, Mme. de Toucheprés, at whose expense the work in the church was being carried out. Again, as on so many other occasions in his career, the charm of Matthieu's manner soon made itself felt, and these two good souls, who were to have so great an influence on his future, began to take the most lively interest in the young man. They desired that his gifts of nature and of grace should be directed to the service of God, and believed that they saw in him signs of a true vocation to the priesthood. The subject was broached by the Curé, who dwelt long and eloquently on the dignity and excellence of the sacerdotal state, and endeavoured to induce

the young man to devote himself unreservedly to the service of God. Matthieu, though greatly moved by these discourses, hesitated, fearing his own unworthiness. The time passed, and the work at Saint-Mars being completed, Matthieu returned with his master to Trementine, leaving his good friends disconsolate. Some months later, however, Matthieu, in the course of his business, once more found himself at Saint-Mars. The result of many new conferences between himself and his friends, joined to much earnest prayer, was the determination of the young man to place himself in the hands of a venerable old priest, who, worn out with labour, was now acting as chaplain in the household of Mme. Toucheprés.

On the 28th of April, 1784, our young friend took in hand the Latin grammar, and under the careful tuition of the venerable chaplain, M. Gaultier, he went through the course of humanities in two years. At the desire of the Bishop of Luçon, he was then sent to the Seminary to study philosophy and theology under the Abbé Guillon. His progress was rapid, and in the Advent of 1787, he received the tonsure, the four minor orders, and the subdiaconate. He was at this time so overwhelmed with the thought of his unworthiness, that he frequently begged for a longer delay before being promoted to the diaconate. The Bishop and his superiors, who were the daily witnesses of his life, decided that no further delay was necessary, and in the following Lent (1788) he received the diaconate, and then the priesthood. No sooner had he yielded to the will of his superiors in this matter, than his mind seemed to regain its calm, though he never ceased to marvel at the wonderful manner in which God had dealt with him. He often pondered over his past career, saying to himself: "How incomprehensible are the ways of God, through what strange paths He has brought me to His altar—a heretic, a bootmaker, a sailor, a prisoner, a joiner, and now a priest!"

From the day of his ordination he experienced a strong desire to return to his native island, with the hope of drawing some members of his own family into the Church, and ultimately of becoming the Apostle of Jersey. Many things however were to happen before he could begin to realize his hopes. He was first appointed to assist his old professor, M. Guillon, at Soullans, where he laboured for two years, until the death of his old friend, when he was moved to Bois-de-Céné, and thence to Beauvoir.

The revolutionary storm was daily increasing in violence, and although the hapless Louis XVI. was still called King, the Revolution was triumphant; its emissaries were in every town and village; its enemies, real or imaginary, were watched hour by hour. The law on the Civil Constitution of the Clergy had just been passed, and was being rigorously enforced. The object of this law was the practical separation of the Church in France from the Holy See; it claimed to abolish or modify the existing bishoprics, and to create new ones, to depose and to nominate Bishops without reference to the Holy See; in a word, it claimed for the civil power all the authority and jurisdiction which is inherent in the Church. Some few of the Bishops and a certain number of the clergy yielded to the storm, and consented to take the constitutional oath. The vast majority, to their everlasting honour, refused the oath, and went into exile, or suffered death and prison, rather than sully their souls with schism. De Gruchy boldly refused to take the oath, and his courage animated the faith and fidelity of his own flock, and of many others in Beauvoir and its neighbourhood. Notwithstanding the enmity of some members of the municipality, he was able to remain in comparative quiet until the middle of the year 1791. Then he was forced to yield his position to others, who less faithful than himself had taken the civil oath. M. De Gruchy and his aged Rector, like so many others, were obliged to seek safety in flight and in hiding from the hatred of their enemies. After much wandering to and fro he at length found a shelter in one of the old *châteaux*, where he was gladly welcomed by the hospitable owner and his family. Here he was able to say Mass daily, and to attend to the spiritual needs of the faithful in the neighbourhood. This happy state of calm was suddenly destroyed by the promulgation of the decree of August 26th, 1792, which condemned to exile all priests who had not taken the constitutional oath. It seemed hopeless to endeavour to remain in the country, although for the moment he might be able to do some good to those who had given him a shelter. The thought of revisiting Jersey again occupied his mind, and after carefully considering the whole matter he resolved to take his departure. He soon realized that this would be no easy task, for the fortnight's grace which had been allowed by the decree of expulsion had already expired, and if discovered he was liable to summary arrest and imprisonment. The work of escaping was full of risk, but he resolved to make

the attempt. His first care was to destroy every token which might reveal his priestly character. He sought and obtained a passport in which he simply described himself as an Englishman, and when questioned he stated that he was desirous of returning to Jersey, his native place. He carried with him no other papers, not even his letters of ordination. This at the moment seemed a very wise and even necessary precaution, but subsequently gave rise to much inconvenience. He made his way to Nantes, and thence through Rennes to St. Malo. War had been again declared between England and France, and all the ports and frontier towns were carefully guarded. When the authorities at St. Malo examined his passport their suspicions were aroused, and deceived probably by his complete command of the French language, they gave slight credence to his assertion that he was a British subject. Asked whether he knew any one in St. Malo who could vouch for the truth of his statement, he replied that if allowed to go down to the port he might there probably find some of his fellow-islanders who might be able to give witness on his behalf. He was allowed to go in search of these witnesses under the charge of two gendarmes, but his quest was in vain. On his way back, having abandoned all hope, he suddenly met an old friend of his sailor days, one Le Febvre, who after a brief conversation recognized him, and gladly accompanied him back to the Mairie. Le Febvre there attested that he knew De Gruchy, who was a native of his own island and a local landowner. This evidence satisfied the authorities, and the poor wanderer was soon set free to depart, which he did without delay. He arrived in Jersey on September 27th, 1792, after an absence of fourteen years.

On landing he at once made his way to the house of his uncle Elie, but this good man failed to recognize him, and would not allow him to enter the house, or even to leave there the small hand-bag which contained all his worldly possessions. The arrival of his cousins, the children of his other uncle, Matthieu, saved the position, and they were able finally to convince the old man that this was his long-lost nephew. The uncle finally admitted him into the house, but reproached him for not having followed his advice, remarking, "If only you had done as I wished, you would now be Rector of the best living in Jersey, instead of a penniless tramp." The same evening the poor traveller set out for his own home, and was

gladly welcomed by his aged mother and his two sisters, who were both married. They had long mourned for him as one dead, and his home-coming was as the return of one from the grave.

He soon found that his position in Jersey was a very delicate one. The Government of the Island and the people generally, whilst welcoming to their shores the multitude of exiles from France, and showing great sympathy with them in their sufferings, a sympathy not unmixed with political hatred towards their persecutors, had no sort of sympathy with their religious doctrines or practices. It was evident that any attempt to convert the natives would be quickly followed by the expulsion of the priest who should engage in such work, and would also bring disfavour and trials upon the remainder of the clergy. A suspicion that De Gruchy was a Catholic soon spread amongst those with whom he was brought into more immediate contact, and the husbands of his sisters, possibly fearing some inconvenience to themselves, soon began to manifest a personal antipathy towards their brother-in-law. They afforded another proof that a man's enemies are those of his own household. Under these circumstances De Gruchy resolved to leave Jersey and set out for England. But a new difficulty confronted him. As we have already seen, when leaving France, he had, for greater security, left behind him the only document by which he could prove that he was a priest. It seemed therefore necessary in the first place to return to France in order to secure this important document. For this purpose he must obtain a passport attesting his English nationality. He applied to the Acting Governor of the Island, but here met with fresh opposition. This functionary instead of simply handing him the passport as in duty bound, testifying that he was a British subject and a Jersey landowner, roundly abused him for what he called his treason, condemning him as the first Jerseyman to abandon the reformed religion, and so, as he worded it, to betray his oath of allegiance. De Gruchy calmly defended himself against these attacks, but in vain. The passport was refused. The only course now open to him was to make his way to England, there obtain his passport; and seek an occasion of crossing over to France in search of his precious document. But how was this to be accomplished? There were in Jersey three French Bishops, the Bishops of Bayeux, of Treguier, and of Dôl. These were the recognized

intermediaries between the British Government and the *émigrés* priests, and the channels by which all moneys for the relief of the latter were paid. On application to the Bishops, he was refused assistance because he was not known, and was unable to offer any proof of his ecclesiastical status. He was truly on the horns of a dilemma; the civil authorities would not aid him because he was a priest, and the ecclesiastical authorities would not aid him because he could not prove that he was a priest!

At this time there were in Jersey 3,253 French priests, practically dependent on the alms of the British Government, but amongst all these De Gruchy could scarcely hope to find one who had known him in France, and who could testify to his priesthood. The majority of the clergy of the diocese of Luçon, where De Gruchy had been well known, had migrated to Spain, and it seemed scarcely probable that even one of his old comrades had found an asylum in Jersey. Help in this extremity was nearer than seemed possible. Amongst the exiles, living in retirement in the island, some few miles from St. Helier, in the village of St. Aubin, was a priest named Brice, who having at one time been the Superior of the Seminary at Luçon, had afterwards been appointed *curé* at Tours. He had incidentally heard of the young ecclesiastic who representing himself as a priest of the diocese of Luçon, had applied in vain to the Bishop of Bayeux for the means to journey to England, and had been refused because of his inability to produce evidence of identity. The good Curé, interested in the case of one who professed to come from his old diocese, began to make diligent inquiries as to the whereabouts of the young priest. At the same time M. De Gruchy was seeking for any one amongst the exiles who might be able to recognize him. At length they met, and the meeting was full of happiness for both. M. Brice accompanied his new-found friend to the residence of the Bishop of Bayeux, who, convinced of his identity, received him with the greatest kindness, supplied him with the means necessary for his journey, and gave him at the same time letters of commendation to friends in England.

WILLIAM FORAN.

(*To be continued.*)

Notes on the Art of Decorative Church Needle-work as practised in England from the Conquest to the Reformation.

PART II.

THOUGH a good enough idea, notwithstanding the regrettable terseness of description, is obtained of the character of this art from mediæval wills, inventories, and in a few chronicles, yet obviously a better idea is obtained from an examination of extant characteristic specimens of it.

We will now pass on to give as detailed descriptions as possible of some of the latter, made, except where otherwise mentioned, from personal observation.

The famous "Syon" cope, now in the South Kensington Museum (Art Section) is a beautiful example of the art. It is considered to have been worked towards the end of the thirteenth century: almost contemporary, by the way, with the vestments so much admired by Pope Innocent IV., and referred to earlier in the paper. It was made originally for the Monastery of Syon, Isleworth, probably by some artists of Warwickshire. In the middle of the sixteenth century it was taken to Portugal; and it was brought thence back to England by some Portuguese nuns in the early part of the last century. The nuns bequeathed it to the "good" Earl of Shrewsbury (the sixteenth peer), from whose heirs it was acquired by the Museum authorities.

This vestment,¹ notwithstanding its great age and its chequered history, is in very good preservation. It is worked in silk thread intermingled frequently with gold. The main ground of the vestment was originally crimson; it is now faded to a darkish brown colour. The decorative forms, about which I will speak presently, are worked in a variety of colours, in accordance with the nature of each. And a prominent colour besides that of the ground referred to, is a sort of green,

¹ Its hood has, by the way, been lost.

probably faded from blue. The numerous decorative forms perhaps it would be more correct to call them "pictures," worked on to the cope, are admirable in their variety and freshness, and, in their general effect, are really beautiful and striking. The vestment is, indeed, quite a treatise in sacred history. In the centre is a representation of our Saviour on the Cross, with our Lady on one side and St. John on the other. Above this centre picture are: God the Father and our Lady, both richly attired, crowned, and enthroned. Below it is St. Michael spearing a very terrible-looking Lucifer. Above it, on the right, is our Lady dying, attended by four Apostles, who are standing beside her couch, and by two angels, who are hovering over her. Above it, on the left, is our Lady being carried to the tomb. Besides these, on other parts of the vestment, are: St. Mary Magdalene adoring her risen Lord; St. Thomas on his knees, putting his finger into our Lord's Wounds; and a number of single figures with their emblems: St. James the Less, holding a club in one hand and a book in the other; St. Bartholomew, with a butcher's knife and a book; St. Thomas, with a spear and a book; St. Andrew, with a cross (of x shape) and a book; St. Philip, with three loaves and a book. In between these pictures and single figures, in different parts of the cope, are fourteen angelic forms, each of whom has four spread wings, two of whom are holding scrolls, and eight are standing on wheels.¹ The pictures and various single figures are surrounded, and kept separate from each other, by a number of frames, in needlework, of course, which add not a little to the richness of the general effect. The whole vestment is bordered by a large number of different shields bearing the armorial devices of several great Warwickshire families. This part of the work is considered to be much later than the rest.

Besides this wonderful "Syon" cope, there are a number of other beautiful examples of mediæval English needlework in the Museum. Among these are the remains of a cope worked in various coloured silk threads and gold; the chief decoration on it being the "tree of Jesse." Its predominant colour is crimson, which has not faded much. In date, it is a little later than the "Syon" cope.

At the South Kensington Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework of the year 1873 were exhibited a large

¹ The meaning of this strange decorative form, together with that of other strange ones on vestments mentioned, will be explained towards the end of this paper.

collection of examples of early English vestments, as well as other embroidered articles used in the service of God. Among them were two particularly fine fifteenth century copes, lent by the Very Rev. Spencer Northcote, then President of Oscott College, near Birmingham. They are still, it may be noted, at Oscott College, as well as the other specimens of embroidery lent by Dr. Northcote to the Exhibition. The collection of early needlework at Oscott, it may also be noted, is said by specialists to be one of the finest in the country, as well as one of the largest. But—to describe these two copes. On the hood of the first is worked a picture of God the Father, crowned and enthroned under an elaborate architectural canopy, and holding up His hands in the attitude of benediction. On the orphreys are ten figures of saints beautifully attired, and standing under architectural canopies, similar in character, though not so elaborate, as the one on the hood. Among these saints are: St. Thomas, holding a spear and a book; St. Paul, holding a sword; and Moses, with a staff and tables of the Law. Four of the saints are dressed in costumes of the higher classes of England of the middle fifteenth century. The body of the cope is of brownish velvet, originally of crimson, and, on its whole surface, are worked flower-forms of a conventional character, of which thirty are like thistles, and seven are *fleur-de-lis*. On it, besides these, are three four-winged cherubim standing on wheels, and one two-headed eagle. In the middle of the body of the cope, covered by the hood, is a picture of our Lady, crowned, richly robed, and surrounded by glory. On each side of her is an angel; and there is one, too, at her feet. All these decorative forms are worked in silk and gold thread. The numerous colours are very tastefully combined, and, for the most part, have not faded. The figures are graceful and dignified in form, and their faces bear minute scrutiny. An interesting feature about this and many other similar vestments is the way in which contemporary local characteristics, both in dress and in architecture, are reproduced in the embroidery. In this vestment, as already mentioned, are four saints, in dresses of the period; and in the canopies, under which God the Father and the saints are placed, we can also recognize sufficiently well some of the “notes” of the architecture of the period.

On the hood of the second cope is a representation of our Lady, crowned, holding the Divine Child in her arms. St. John,

with a chalice in his hand, stands beside her. Over both figures is an elaborate architectural canopy. Underneath and covered by the hood, in the middle of the body of the cope, which is of red (unfaded) velvet, is a very curious decorative form, that of an eagle standing on a barrel. Scattered over the rest of the body of the cope are several forms of decoration similar to those on the first vestment: thistles, *fleurs-de-lis*, four-winged cherubim standing on wheels—thirty-four in all. The orphreys, too, are similar in design to those of the first vestment. There are ten figures of saints under architectural canopies; among them are: St. Peter, with a key in his hand; St. John, with a chalice; and another saint with a saw. Silk and gold thread are employed in the embroidery throughout. The artistic merits of this cope are as great as those of the first one; and the general effect is even more rich and striking, because the velvet composing the body has kept its original deep crimson colour. Both vestments are in good preservation; though both have been restored, here and there, at a recent date.

Among the numerous examples of English embroidery now at Oscott, one or two more call for special attention. A particularly fine one is a small piece of embroidery, not much more than a foot square, which was, originally, part of the hood of a cope. In date, it is probably late fifteenth century. Its subject is the Transfiguration. In the centre is Christ, regally attired, holding an orb in His hand, and surrounded by great glory. On His bosom is a circle, in which are the letters "I.H.S.," and from this circle come two rays of glory. Above the figure of Christ, on a smaller scale, is God the Father in glory, in whose bosom is the Dove. Moses, holding a rod and tables of the Law, is on one side of our Lord, and Elias is on the other; both are resting on clouds. What there is left of the groundwork of the embroidery is red velvet; but the whole work in the different figures is of gold thread, the outlines being done in pearls—in number said to be six hundred and fifty. The figures of the Blessed Trinity are very majestic in general effect, and excellent in draughtsmanship; the figures of Moses and Elias are, however, less so.

Another highly interesting piece of embroidery at Oscott is a chasuble, the work of which is nearly contemporary with the "Transfiguration" just referred to. The main ground is, by the way, modern, and of red silk. The embroidery is done with silk and a great deal of gold thread. It is, on the whole,

much faded and defaced; it is, nevertheless, still a beautiful piece of work, even when examined minutely. In the centre of the cross-orphrey at the back is a large picture of our Lady holding the Divine Child, in glory. She stands under an imposing and most carefully-worked architectural canopy. Each side of her is an angel, holding a chalice in one hand and a censer in the other. Under this is a representation of St. Peter holding a very large key; the figure under that again is completely obliterated. On the front orphrey, under a similar canopy, is a venerable bearded figure, holding a staff in one hand. It is difficult to say whom it is intended to represent, it is so indistinct. Under that is a representation of St. Mary Magdalene holding a box of ointment. All the figures in this vestment are graceful in outline; and what can be seen of their detail shows that the artist was a skilled draughtsman, and, judging by the way the colouring is introduced, a painter of much refinement.

Besides the extant specimens of the art already referred to, two others of interest might be referred to here as well. One is the "St. Dunstan" chasuble at Stonyhurst College. The main body of this vestment is of recent date, but sewn on it are a number of mediæval orphreys, of which the following extract¹ is a brief account:

Of the older and far the more artistic embroideries, there are on the back of the chasuble, six. One of these, from which it gets its name, represents St. Dunstan in full pontificals, who, being engaged in the manufacture of church vessels, has with his red-hot pincers taken hold of the nose of a devil who has approached him. The other figures are: St. Blaise, Bishop and Martyr (A.D. 316); St. Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury (martyred by the Danes, 1012); St. Odo working a miracle in proof of the Real Presence; Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, curing a leprous boy by applying a relic of St. Thomas à Becket; and the restoration of a dead child to life by St. Thomas himself. In front is a picture of the martyrdom of St. Thomas, belonging to the same series. It is thought these were originally upon a cope, and date from the middle of the fifteenth century. As all the saints represented were specially honoured at Canterbury, Dr. Rock considers that the original vestment belonged to Canterbury Cathedral, and was probably worked by the monks. The other set of embroideries is assigned to the end of the same century, and is obviously of a far inferior quality, representing at the back St. Philip, St. Paul, St. John the Baptist; in front, St. Peter and other saints. . . .

¹ P. 257, *Stonyhurst Centenary Record*. By J. Gerard, S.J. Belfast, 1894.

The other vestment is the Walton chasuble at Ushaw College.¹ The following is a short account of this vestment :

A red chasuble, richly embroidered with a figure of the crucifix on the back and representations of other saints on both back and front. . . . [There is a] tradition that this vestment had been used in Westminster Abbey before the Reformation. The tradition . . . seems to have been regularly handed down in the [Walton] family.

To the above might be added a few more details with regard to the embroidered figures. Over the crucifix is a dove symbolizing the Holy Ghost ; and over the dove is God the Father surrounded by glory. On each side of the crucifix are two angels in mid air, with chalices in each hand receiving the Precious Blood from the wounds of the dying Christ. At the foot of the crucifix is an angel with wings spread. In the compartment under the crucifix is a figure in armour over which is thrown a robe open at front. This and the following single figures are standing under an architectural canopy in which we see "Perpendicular" characteristics. On the orphrey on the front of the chasuble are : St. Edward the Confessor, a female and a male saint, the three being crowned and richly attired. All the figures are graceful and edifying. The main body of the chasuble is covered with a beautiful woven "pomegranate pattern." Though the general effect of this vestment is somewhat spoilt by its being cut down to the French "violin shape," yet it is, nevertheless, very rich and fine.

A notable feature of the conventional decorative forms worked on examples of this beautiful art is their definite symbolic meaning and great expressiveness. They were not intended to be merely ornamental, but also to be strictly appropriate for use in the sanctuary ; and to express, strikingly, religious truth. They are intimately connected with and suggestive of characters and incidents in Old and New Testament story, and in the lives of saints. They were thus sources of instruction as well as of æsthetic delight ; and, besides, reflect for us in a charming manner the deep religious sense and touching homeliness in sacred things of the people of mediæval days.

Many of these decorative forms have been already referred to. An attempt will now be made to explain the meaning of some of them, following, for the most part, Mr. Hulme,² who

¹ *Ushaw College: Centenary Record*. Edited by R. Laing, 1895, p. 156.

² *Symbolism*, passim. London : Swan Sonnenschein, 1892.

himself relies on approved mediæval and modern writers on symbolism.

The pomegranate was taken as a symbol of the Kingship of Christ, as well as, though less commonly, of the royalty of our Lady, the Queen of Heaven. This symbolism was doubtless founded on the crown-like form of the top of this fruit. Ears of corn represent the Holy Eucharist, the spiritual bread of man. The hart is a symbol of chastity and of holy solitude. It is also a symbol of desire for the things of God.¹ "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after Thee, O God." The wheel is an emblem of human life; and is, too, associated with St. Katharine as an emblem of her martyrdom. The peacock (or its feathers) is taken as a symbol of the general resurrection of mankind, as also of that of Christ. This idea is founded on the glorious and complete renewal of that bird's plumage at certain periods. The rose is a symbol of many great virgin saints and martyrs; but is generally used as a symbol of our Blessed Lady, "the Mystical Rose," "the Rose of Paradise." This star is symbolical of our Lady, "the Morning Star;" and also, most commonly, of her Divine Son, "the star . . . out of Jacob."² The tree symbolizes the "root of Jesse," from out of which Isaias³ foretold that Christ "the rod," "the flower," would come. When grapes are growing on the tree, it is an emblem of the Church, of whom Christ said: "I am the vine; you are the branches."⁴ The lamb is, of course, "the Lamb of God," sacrificed for men's sins. The sun is a symbol of the "Sun of Justice,"⁵ who shall arise "with health in His wings," Christ the Redeemer. The eagle is sometimes a symbol of Christ's heavenward flight at His Ascension; more commonly of St. John the Evangelist. The lion is an emblem of St. Mark; less commonly of Christ, the "Lion of Juda." The lily is the symbol of purity; and in particular of our Lady, the "Mother of Purity." The swan is sometimes met with in connection with SS. Cuthbert and Hugh of Lincoln, and other saints; though it is difficult to say what is its symbolic meaning. The four-winged cherubim standing on wheels refer to that magnificent vision in the prophecy of Ezechiel.⁶ "And when the living creatures went, the wheels also went together by them; and when the living creatures

¹ Psalm xli. 2.

² Numb. xxiv. 17.

³ Isaias xi. 1.

⁴ St. John xv. 1.

⁵ Malach. iv. 2.

⁶ Ezech. i. 19; *vide* also Ezech. iii. 13, and whole of x.

were lifted up from the earth, the wheels also were lifted up with them." This decorative form was a very common one in mediæval art, particularly about the thirteenth century. It is found, for instance, in various forms in some thirteenth century sculpture at the Cathedral of Chartres. It is to be seen also in some fourteenth century glass at St. Alban's Abbey.

So that the reader can see from these short explanations of a few out of the many decorative forms found on Mediæval English vestments that :

One of the great beauties of the ancient embroidery was its appropriate design ; each flower, each leaf, each device, had a significant meaning with reference to the festival to which the frontal or vestment belonged. . . . The effect of the ancient vestments, which were exclusively ecclesiastical in design, and conveyed a symbolic meaning by every ornament about them, must have been so imposing and edifying as to fill the beholder with reverence.¹

Before drawing these notes to a close, it might be of interest to make some reference to the methods used by the mediæval needlework artists in the production of their works of art. For this object an extract will be made from an article by C. H. Hartshorne in the *Archæological Journal* (year 1845), vol. i. p. 333.

All their needlework is first done on some other material (*en rapport*) such as linen, canvas, silk or vellum ; and their operations (*appliqués*) are subsequently sewn upon the velvet. . . . Having chosen the substance to be wrought, the first point was to make the pattern (*prendre la taille*) of the conventional device that was to be "powdered" on the surface. This might be done either by tracing it by means of chalk or white paper, and piercing so as to show its contour ; several others could then be cut out to the same size and figure. The foundation (*le fond*) of canvas, vellum, or any other suitable stuff, most commonly the former, was then shaped in a similar way, the edges being bound (*galonner*) with cord, which was afterwards cast over (*en guipure*) with gold or silver tambour. The inner part of the design was then worked, either plain or in shades, in tapestry-stitch² with silk ; this, too, was sometimes raised above the foundation by felt (*embouttin*). If a leaf was to be represented (*passe en barbiches*) the fibres were expressed by a fine thread of tambour being lightly passed among the silk, to indicate the vegetable tissue. . . . There were two methods of introducing the gold and silver portion. A very common

¹ *Dublin Review*, February, 1842, p. 106 ; from article on "Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England," by A. W. Pugin.

² Cross-stitch.

method was to take a piece of gold lace, and cutting it out to the required shape to attach it to the foundation, and the surface of this (*le passé épargné*) was raised (*embouttin*) in certain lines . . . by cord or common twine, which in its turn was whipped over (*guipé*), but completely covered with thread of the same metal. The other method (*en cochure*) was the most ancient. . . . It was made with coarse gold thread or spangles, sewn in rows one beside the other.

Other styles of stitch found in early embroidery might be referred to in brief. That called the *opus plumarium* was so called because the threads were laid lengthwise, in such a way that they resemble the plumage of a bird. It corresponds to the modern long satin stitch. This *opus plumarium* was very commonly used. It was used, for instance, in the two fifteenth century copes now at Oscott, and referred to above. The *opus pulvinarium* is a kind of "cross-stitch." The border of armorial shields on the "Syon" cope is worked in this stitch. The face of the cope is, by the way, in chain-stitch in circular lines; the stitches starting at the centre of a circle and extending outwards towards its circumference. The *opus pectineum* is a very tight cross-stitch, giving to the work the appearance of being woven. The *opus consutum*, often referred to in catalogues of old embroidery, is not the name for a kind of stitch, but for a decoration consisting of a number of pieces of rich material, cut out into the different decorative shapes required and sewn on to the main ground.

There are many other points of interest and importance upon which one would like to have dwelt, but sufficient has, no doubt, been said here to give some definite idea of a noble branch of art which was practised with much splendour and artistic feeling in this country during the Middle Ages; the study of which, too, is much neglected by the general reader interested in art subjects, as well as, even, by the archæologist.

V. W. MAGRATH.

East End Sketches.

4. "THE ELYSIAN FIELDS."

HEATHER STREET is just within the Elysian Fields, forming a fragment of District 4, and to know Heather Street is to have one's finger on the pulse of public life, for the news of the district is there. Whether it be a wake or a wedding, an eviction or a murder, Heather Street will tell you. And a description here is lurid, for there are no half-tones in these local pictures. Facts stand out in sharp relief. It is a world of broad lights and deep shadows. As you listen, standing in Heather Street, you fancy you were at the wake in Tub Court. You see the corpse laid out and the candles burning, and among the friends you seem to take your place.

As for the wedding ; you imagine you know the East End bride that was married last week to the Whitechapel coster : the bride that was a factory hand at Bryant and May's. And as the speaker continues and tells of the evictions, you think you can see them, men, women, and children, thrust out from their wretched hovels, for the rent has been raised. Some of the women are ill, too weak even to crawl out of bed at the bailiffs' bidding, but they are carried out, mattress and all, and placed with their poor belongings in the open court, where the rain pours down upon them. The eviction of Twine Court happened only last week, so they can give you all details. How the people in the district gathered in their numbers at either end of the court and cried out to Heaven for vengeance because the bailiffs had no mercy ; and how, amidst the weeping and the wailing of the evicted, and the murmur of voices rising up like an angry sea from the multitude of onlookers, a young Irish priest kept his people in check. There ! in the midst of the court, where the power of the law dared not thrust itself, he walked up and down, the tears pouring down his cheeks, for had he not seen such evictions before in the land of his birth ? So hour after hour he paced to and fro, comforting one and

consoling another—urging patience and resignation upon all. Only at one door did he take his stand and defy any man to enter in, for a woman lay there whose child was to be born that day. So the priest barred the entrance, and the people blessed him. For the power of the Church is stronger than the arm of the law, and that day it averted a rising among the people.

But there is tragedy as well as pathos in these recitals, and Heather Street will draw its shawl closer while various figures gather at the street corner and, beer-jug in hand, relate the details of the last murder. The voices drop to a whisper as each one adds to the gruesome tale; until the telling becomes so vivid that one's very flesh creeps. It is the strain of the Celt. Hush! what sound was that? Was it banshee? or ghoul? and the women hearken to the moaning of the wind as it swirls through the empty court.

Heather Street teems with interest as it does with life. The houses are small and the tenants many; so much so, that the juvenile population overflows on to doorstep and pavement. Women stand idle in open doorways with unkempt hair and arms akimbo. They labour not, neither do they spin, so there are rags in the school-room and husbands in the public-house. But here and there is an empty doorway, and from within comes the dull whirr of a sewing-machine. You get to know what the sound means. A trousers-hand is at work stitching against time, striving to keep body and soul together at twopence-halfpenny a pair. Out of this sum the "hand" has to provide her own cotton, which costs not less than twopence a reel. And on her profits she lives or she dies, as the case may be. So it is that the West is clothed at the expense of the East, and how many tears are stitched in with the seams, who can tell? But the recording angel keeps count and enters them in the Book of Reckoning. Yet I have known poor women to pray God with a break in their voice, that they may get the work to do. Twopence-halfpenny! and provide their own cotton! and they thank God that things are well with them. And as I have gone down Heather Street and heard the monotonous whirr of the machine, and thought of the human life that was being squandered, a far-away whisper used to come to me, echoing through the ages: "Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" But the trousers-hand works on, sewing against time with bent head and breaking heart. Is it for her to say?

Her husband may be ill in the hospital or her child lying dead beside her, but the work must be finished, for a "hand" is but a hand so long as the employer understands neither sickness nor death.

All the fragments of Christianity seemed to live in District 4, together with the oddments of the race of Juda. Through the side streets and from out the deserted archways came the sound of Yiddish, the recognized language of Jewry. Many of the dark-eyed women wore wigs; some kept the fasts; and all kept the festivals. On Friday, the Sabbath Eve, they disappeared at sundown, their shopping done for the morrow. Nor would an observant Jew stir his fire on the Day of Rest. Therefore the Christian became the "Jew's poker," receiving for his day's service a few pence with which to ward off starvation.

Time was when the Jew was the bond-slave of Egypt. To-day he is the labour-master of Britain. So turns the wheel of fortune.

From Poland and Silesia; from Russia and Hungary; from Germany and the Low Countries—verily, from the ends and corners of the earth do they come. And as they pass into our city, these emaciated beings—these outcasts of all nations who arrive daily in their vanloads, they look out at us with haggard faces and eyes that shine with an unnatural light. They are the eyes that want has made bright, and the faces are the faces of starving men. They are come to seek for food and shelter. They are come to swell the ranks of those who have neither in that plague-spot of British civilization—the East End.

Thus it is that the Elysian Fields have become the abiding-place of the lost tribes of Israel, and the butchers' shops advertise *Kosher* meat and the hoardings of coster-land are covered with announcements in Hebrew. In the tenement houses they huddle in their hundreds. They raise the rent and exact "key-money," and according to local report and their varying nationalities, they ignore the laws of sanitation and of hygiene.

Between the Jew and the Christian in the East End there lies a yawning chasm. It divides the oppressors from the oppressed—the "sweaters" from the "sweated." But now the yoke of bondage grows heavier and the toilers wax sullen. Discontent eats into their hearts as rust corrodes iron—the fire of revolt is preparing. In that day Capital will wage war against Labour

and Jew against Christian. And when the sun rises there will be civil war in Stepney.

All sorts and conditions lived in Heather Street. I remember one morning standing inside a doorway talking to a woman. "What is Mrs. White's number? lives next door, doesn't she?" My friend made no direct reply, but she struck an attitude of acute attention, and after craning her neck in the direction of the public-house nearly opposite, she pointed a condemnatory finger, and winked in silence. And as my eye followed her finger, I saw a shawled figure glide noiselessly into the "Pig and Whistle."

"Oh!" I said, "I wanted to see her."

"Hawful!" ejaculated my friend, absently; "w'en she's 'ad a drop."

"Then I suppose it isn't worth my while waiting?" I said.

"Yuss," said the cheerful friend; "you jes' wait a bit. She won't be so long," she added, reassuringly.

"Perhaps she'd rather not," I said; "she may not care to see me to-day."

"Yuss, she would," said the woman, who knew.

"How do you know she would?" I asked.

"I knows—cos she like's yer, she does."

"I wonder why," I said, meditatively.

"She told me as 'ow she didn't mind yer, cos yer don't give 'er too much religion, you don't."

At which commendation I could not help wondering if I were shirking my responsibilities in the district. One feels like that sometimes, especially when one is suddenly called upon to sympathize with ailments that would be curious if they were not so widespread. You know it is drink, yet the district has a whole gamut of diagnoses.

"B'lieve me, lady!" said a woman in Splash Lane, "I felt that funny yesterday—and it ain't as if it was drink!"—here she looked at me with an expression of righteousness—"and me son kin tell yer the same, fur never a drop passes 'is lips!—I did feel bad."

"How did you feel?" I asked, trying to be unprejudiced and to preserve my faith in human statements.

"Well!" she said, with some caution, "I 'ad ter lie down, straight, I did! Curious sort o' sick 'eadache. And the funny part of it was, the 'ole family was the same—sick 'eadache all through, me son and all!"

It was a delicate matter to steer one's bark between human sympathy and superhuman responsibility. I knew that pandemonium reigned at that end of the lane. Only the night before there had been a row, the noise of which, as I was informed, might have waked the dead, and certainly it had kept Splash Lane from sleeping. I therefore sympathized deeply with the sudden epidemic that had laid hold of herself and family, and which had not spared her neighbours. This took some time. For, from there, I hoped to lead her on to discuss the ethics of temperance.

"A glass o' beer don't 'urt no one," said the wary convalescent. "I takes it meself, and it do me good."

"Of course," I said, "that is moderate; the harm is in excess."

"Jest wot I sez! wot I sez is this, the pledge is fur them," here she looked very hard at me—"fur them as *needs* it." And the power of suggestion being strong I passed on and blamed myself for an inebriate.

Down another street a woman, hitherto unknown, was giving me a description of her daughter Caroline. I shouldn't have minded that, if the description had not been detrimental to me. Having begun by addressing me as "lady," she rose by slow degrees to a level when I was incidentally referred to as "my dear." "My Caroline," she said, "is that thin and wasted"—here she looked me over critically—"very much yer own build—with much the same nose, long and thin—but, my dear!" she added slowly, "my Caroline is *that* lady-like!"

Whereupon I stifled a sigh as I realized my inferiority.

I was skirmishing down a new street one day when I stopped a woman. In the course of conversation, she inquired my name. Her interest was at once enkindled.

"Theer was a lady an' a gentleman o' thet name," she said, eagerly, "as sold milk rahnd the corner. Any relation?"

I shook my head gloomily.

"Oh!" said my new acquaintance, and her tone was tinged with regret. "Well! no 'arm in askin'," she said cheerfully, as she re-pinned her shawl.

"None whatever," I acquiesced. And I continued my way.

"Once we were kings," I meditated sadly. Of course it was some time ago: away back in the mists of Irish history, when no man was less who respected himself.

But what was a dead king compared with a live milkman? Genealogical trees were at a discount in Stepney.

In the Elysian Fields no introductions were needed. We were all on a common footing. We made acquaintances or we did not, just as the spirit moved us. I remember making the acquaintance of a cats'-meat man one morning. I was wandering along through my district and was about to knock at a door, when a cats'-meat man pulled up at the same number. He sold a variety of things for man and beast, and all in the same basket. It seemed to me that he was an ornament to his profession, for his was an innate gift of eloquence, so I stood on the curbstone an interested onlooker.

"No finer meat than this 'ere." The remark was addressed to a friend of mine in the doorway. "Blest ev I don't lose on it, my dear." "Umph!" said the woman, stolidly, "got enny 'earts?" "Yuss," said the man, "'earts and cows' tails, 'ow many do yer want?"

Another friend of mine now joined the party, and examined the contents of the basket with a view to purchase.

"On'y three 'earts!" said the first woman. "Three 'earts hain't no good ter me, wot d'yer think! hain't yer got another?" He hesitated. "Well, yuss! my dear girl! I 'ave!" said the cats'-meat man, laying his hand on his bosom, "on'y yer see, it bein' me own, I can't part wif it."

This savoured so nearly of romance that discretion prompted me to move on, but the scene fascinated me.

"Oh! yer naughty man!" said the buxom figure in the doorway, and she looked archly at him. But the cats'-meat man was wise in his generation. He hastily picked up his basket and resumed his professional attitude. Evidently his calling demanded discretion.

I thought he had it in his mind to solicit my custom for one of the cows' tails, which figuratively speaking seemed to hang fire, but in this I was mistaken, for he only turned to me to discuss things more or less in the abstract.

"There ain't nuffink finer'n these 'ere," he remarked, confidentially. "W'y! it was on'y th' other day thet an Inspector jumped on me, and 'e sez ter me, 'e sez, theer ain't anything wrong wif yer stuff, 'e says. Mighty pertikler they is these days," he added. "And w'y fur not! W'y should the pore be defrauded!—thet's wot I ullus sez."

Meanwhile the woman continued her lamentations about the extra heart, and after a renewed search in the basket a fourth was brought to light.

"'Ow much?" said the woman.

"W'y! tuppence o' course!" said the man.

"Tuppence! lor!" said the woman. "I never did! and such a little 'un too!"

"Well!" said the cats'-meat man, resentfully. "Yer never complained of the others bein' too big, did yer! I ought'er said tuppence-alfpenny fur the big 'uns!"

But at this juncture we all expressed our opinions, and a compromise was finally arrived at by a portion of cats'-meat being given in. Business settled, the cats'-meat man branched off into philanthropy.

After prefacing his remarks by the negative proposition that he "never did no 'arm to nobody," he became more positive. His creed was, that every man's duty was to help on a "pal"—"ter give 'em a lift," as he said, "and thet's the on'y religion theer is! I allus does wot I can!" he continued. "Now take last week! Theer was a chap as I come acrost, wot 'ad nuthink, so 'I takes 'im in and I lodges 'im and I gives 'im a shillin' a day ter feed 'isself. And arter some days 'e got a job. I was ten shillin's short be the end o' the game, but jest arter thet, I dropped on ter some luck an' pulled orf a bit. Yer kin take my word fur it, yer won't never miss wot yer gives thet w'y."

Then I sauntered along, further afield, and got into an animated discussion with a woman who held decided opinions on the Housing Question.

"Yes," I said, "it is about time they did something. Why can't they put up model dwellings?"

"Buildin's, is it!" ejaculated the woman in scorn. "W'y, I'd rather live in a cellar hor a hattic, I would!"

"Why! What are your objections?"

"Them buildin's," she said, "is wuss nor hanythink else—'erded tergither like vermint! families in hevery room." She lowered her voice and confided many further objections.

"No," she said, "so long as theer's 'ouses I'll keep ter 'ouses. Buildin's, indeed!" Here she shook her clenched fist at me. "Wot I sez is this, *to the devil with 'em!* that's wot I sez!" and she glared at me indignantly as if I were an offensive building. I had just begun to wonder if I had made an enemy of her for ever when she said abruptly, "Comin' my way?" "Yes," I said, and we walked along.

The East is a strange place, and has a fascination all its own. The unexpected happens there. One day a man stopped

me. He took off his battered hat and smiled, until I began to think that he mistook me for a long-lost brother. Then he gave me to understand that he wanted twopence, the which deficit he considered I might supply, not as a duty, but as a privilege. And when one thinks of it—such was my impromptu argument—if I have twopence, which strictly speaking I do not need, and he hasn't and does, it seems but common justice that the transfer should be made. I liked the theory though the man repelled me. However, there was no getting away from my own deduction, so I groped in my pocket for the required sum which I accordingly handed over. He acknowledged the receipt without undue enthusiasm, and remarked earnestly: "Lady, I'm poor—but very rich in grace."

"Then, my good man," said I, "you're better off than I am." And forthwith I regretted the twopence for that my need was greater than his.

There was a tiny court in District 4 that connected Heather Street with Splash Lane, and it was there one morning that a shawled figure accosted me. "Who is it?" I asked, for only two eyes were visible.

"Shure 'tis mesilf!" said Mrs. Mulligan, dropping her shawl. "Who else wud it be? And when are ye comin' in?" she asked, discursively.

"As soon as ever I can," I said.

"Yuss," said Mrs. Mulligan, with the air of a cynic, "and whin'll that be?"

I laughed. "To-morrow morning," I said, definitely.

"A'right!" said Mrs. Mulligan, and she disappeared down the court. The next morning Mrs. Mulligan sat on the doorstep in Heather Street to await my coming.

"The top o' the mornin' ter yer!" she ejaculated, as we shook hands, "an' will yer go upstairs." So I mounted the narrow staircase while my hostess followed.

"Ye'll find Mr. Mulligan in bed," she said when I had reached the top step.

"Mr. Mulligan in bed!" I said.

"Yuss," she replied, "be reason uv the sthrike."

"Then why didn't you say so?" I asked, for Mrs. Mulligan's form now blocked the exit. "Let me come to-morrow instead."

"Bless yer!" said Mrs. Mulligan, reassuringly, "'e won't mind! Yer won't interfere wid 'im cos 'e's asleep."

And as Mr. Mulligan seemed the only person whose feelings were to be considered and as Mrs. Mulligan filled in the stairs, there seemed nothing for it. So I went in. The room was not large and the bed filled one corner, and under the bedclothes Mr. Mulligan slumbered peacefully. Accommodation being limited I sat on the old box by the fire while Mrs. Mulligan took up her position on the fender.

"Yer look tired!" she said, "an' its rough weather fur yer to be goin' about in."

"I don't think I'm tired," I said, "I think I'm only down-hearted. Sing me something, just to raise my spirits!"

"May the saints defend us!" said Mrs. Mulligan, fervently. 'Divil a bit can I sing! and 'ow could I be singin' at me time o' life! Shure! I ain't as young as I was," she protested.

"Nor will you ever be as young as you are," I urged.

My entreaty finally prevailed; and in spirited tones she sang the "Wearing of the Green" as she sat on the fender with her arms clasping her knees.

"Go on," I said, when she had finished, "I'm reviving." So she sang on. Sometimes it was a rollicking Irish air, and as she sang it there was an unwonted gleam in her eyes and her foot beat time to the rhythm; and then again she would drift into a minor key while she sang of the times gone by and of the glories that were no more, and there was pathos in her voice and tears in her eyes as she sang the sad songs of her own land. And as we sat there together, a background of Irish mountains seemed to rise up and the wet mist was clinging to them and we might have been sitting by the fireside in a mountain cabin far away in her own County Clare. But suddenly, I was brought back to the realities of life—and of Heather Street—by a prodigious snore from the unconscious Mr. Mulligan.

"Hold yer whist, man!" said Mrs. Mulligan, sternly.

And the fates being propitious, Mr. Mulligan slept on, while I took my leave on tiptoe.

MAY F. QUINLAN.

These last Dark Days.

DOES one ever realize a great event, a vivid joy, a keen sorrow, until it becomes a personal experience? Standing on the ruins of the old amphitheatre of Cimiez, and looking down at Nice in all the glory of its brilliant season, its blue sky, its calm sea, then up at the old Franciscan monastery, and in a flash, twentieth century France seems a revelation and a mystery! With liberty as its watch-word it strikes at the very foundation of human thought and action.

Coming down the mountain road after a day's tramp among the hills, we crossed country, and by winding paths and wild beautiful bye-ways stood before the closed door of the old Benedictine Monastery of St. Pons above the Paillon.

The famous cloisters were deserted, and the grass already grown up to the colonnade, through which at the moment the Alps showed blue and dreamy in the transparent air of the Riviera. The monks had gone, chased from their native land for the sole reason that they had preferred the peace and solitude of a life among those silent hills to the fret and fume and turmoil of the world. Their days and their works were at the service of others, their lives were passed in toil, they gave of their labours to those who crowded to their doors, and yet those simple, harmless men were considered a danger and a menace to the great free-thinking, liberty-boasting Republic of France! We passed on as others arrived, who stood, gazed, pondered, and went their way even as we. Mounting the zig-zag path, steep and stony, to where high up above on a level plateau we reached the Franciscan monastery, shut in by its handsome belt of cork-trees. In the chapel a venerable monk was kneeling, no longer in his brown habit, but to all outward seeming a village *curé*. We met him later outside the church, and learned that he and one other are now all that remain of the famous brotherhood. They serve the church as secular priests, but their monastery has been seized by the

Government, and this in direct opposition to the treaty which gave Nice to France. In those days the Franciscans of Cimiez were Italians who had always had charge of the parish. When Nice became the property of France, the then French Government guaranteed the monks that right on condition they should remain as French subjects. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," and the monks of Cimiez are now outlaws in a country which had sworn to protect them.

The venerable monk with his long white beard looked a pathetic figure, as he led us through the cloister. Now that it belongs to the Government, women can visit its hallowed precincts and view its famous pictures and engravings of all the martyred and canonized sons of St. Francis. From the garden the Alps, covered with snow, rose above the blue waters of the Paillon. Peak on peak stood out among the lesser hills, with their dark groves of olive-trees. A sweet spot to think, and work, and pray, and as the old monk looked out on the valley and up at the mountains, he said, almost unconsciously: "For fifty years I have lived here, and to drive me out at this hour would be my death-warrant." But he added gently, "*C'est la volonté du Bon Dieu.*" The self-same cry everywhere, from priest, peasant, and fine lady; but no one protests. We parted from him with the setting sun on the mountains, the blue light on the hills, and the red lamp flickering in the little chapel, at the door of which we left him to his prayers and his solitude.

A cloud of sadness followed us down the hills, back into the life at Nice, with its myriad distractions. We felt for the Church, for France, for the innocent who suffered, and marvelled at the blindness and hardness of men in those strange days in France.

Two weeks later we were on the road to Toulouse, to spend a few days before Lent at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The Carnival was at its climax as we left the Riviera, and on our arrival at Nîmes, we found the Blessed Sacrament exposed in all the churches, in reparation for the sins of those days. The sunshine and warmth of the Riviera had gone, the weather had changed, and Toulouse greeted us with an icy downpour, while the wind blew up from the Garonne as if off Lake Huron, or the North Sea.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart stands in the old part of the town, but its large gardens, grottoes, trees and winding walks

give it a semblance of rural life and surroundings. We had come expecting a happy visit in the old spot, but a few hours in the convent convinced us it was merely to say good-bye! The decree had gone forth that the Society of the Sacred Heart must soon cease to exist in France. Even at that moment everything possible in the house had been sold, for the day that the Government declares the convent closed, the nuns must relinquish all they possess. In an evil moment the Religious at Toulouse had requested authorization, thus becoming "children of the Government." With a delicious irony worthy of the old Roman tyrants, the parental French rulers seize their possessions and send them homeless and adrift on the world. Those convents who were shrewd enough not to become "children" of the Government were wise, for they at least at the moment of expulsion have the right to sell or retain what they possess. If there are tyrants in France in these days, there are also heroines worthy of the best traditions of her past centuries. Noble women who accept in a joyous, generous spirit, exile and spoliation, with the destruction of all they hold dear.

Looking around the dismantled convent of Toulouse, one could not but help wondering at this twentieth century idea of liberty and equality; altars torn down, bare chapels, empty shrines, rooms denuded of all but the bare necessities, the schools still open, the pupils true to the last, clinging to the mistresses they love. Touching are the tears and outbursts of those children as each beloved picture or statue or dear memento is removed, or sold before the law comes to seize them in the name of the paternal Government.

Ladies in the world spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament, begging that God Almighty might save the convent and its holy influence for their children.

Four houses of the Sacred Heart have already been closed, thirty-nine others are prepared and ready for their doom! As soon as one convent has been suppressed, a new foundation arises elsewhere. Malta, Cairo, Spain, and England have gained what France has driven from her inhospitable shores. One great note of sadness in it all, is the peculiar love of the French for France. To be expelled in her name, and as her shame, cuts like a knife, and with all the other broken ties of family, friends, and association, is real martyrdom to many a strong, loyal soul at this moment.

The Nuns of the Sacred Heart are spurred on to great things by the calm, joyous attitude of their Superior General. Feeling assured of the destruction of all her houses in France, she tells her daughters that it is not suppression, but the dispersion of their Society! When it was suggested to her to secularize her nuns and thus save them to France, she said: "Rather than lose *one* vocation, I would willingly relinquish all we possess." With such a Mother little wonder her daughters face the storm with brave smiles of hope and faith.

We said adieu to them, in the pleasant, holy house we might never again hope to enter. Where should we meet next? Who could tell? over the waves, or across the desert, or beneath the southern cross many might be found in the days not far distant. And we went out into the world of indifference and infidelity, and saw in imagination the deserted convent, the light extinguished in the sanctuary, the children dismissed, the nuns scattered, and that erstwhile home of peace, prayer, and purity a noisy barracks, a godless school or an unsightly ruin standing by the wayside!

On our way to the Pyrenees that morning, a lady entered the railway carriage, and interestedly opened conversation on the war. She was returning from an extended trip through the East, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and out-of-the-way places up the Nile. She seemed an enthusiastic traveller; a rare taste for a Frenchwoman. She was frankly scornful of her own country in its present state, its government, its scandals, even its military came in for her criticisms. England she admired; its strong sense of justice, its love of truth, and fair-play; it was her ideal land of freedom. We spoke of the despoiled convents, the exiled Religious, and we touched a tender spot.

"I am a good Catholic," she exclaimed, "but I have no patience with the Religious Orders! Why do they submit like so many lambs? Why not refuse to be flung out by the roadside? Why not make a stand, defy their persecutors, hold their homes and shame the Government?" We reminded her of Brittany, and how little availed the opposition. "Officers who were men," she responded, "resigned rather than obey such orders, and it showed that the Bretons are not lambs, like the rest of France. Where are the fathers, brothers, uncles and cousins of those poor nuns, that they cannot gather to protect their convents, and refuse to have their women hounded from their homes and their country? A few exhibitions of that kind

would expose the Government to the scorn of Europe, and perhaps," with a sneer, "to the odium of our own people. Where is our French chivalry?" she continued, sadly, "our French family loyalty and affection? Our women are praying in the churches for France and her abuses, while the men look on, dreaming of Bourbons and Bonapartes, and let all go." It was novel to hear such opinions in a country where the women usually content themselves with an expressive shrug of their shoulders and a mournful murmur of its being the will of God, and that He seems to blind the eyes of the people at this moment. Our traveller's walks abroad had certainly left their traces of independence in her character, and her words of real sentiment were refreshing in the midst of so much apathy. She changed trains at Tarbes, while we pursued our way to the higher Pyrenees. There, in the midst of snow and surrounded with great white peaks, we found still more pathetic scenes of these last dark days. In a village church, dating from the Crusades, which we were visiting, we saw a little Sister of "La Sagesse" come in from the snow in her sabots to arrange the altar, and heard from her the same hopeless tale. "In the next town," she said, "the Nuns of La Croix are in actual want. Their Sisters at Pau have had to assume secular dress and turn their convent into a pension, with the vain hope of keeping up community life until better days dawn for France."

On our way down the mountain, praying before a wayside shrine, we saw an old woman who attracted us by her simple, holy mien. We heard later she had been a nun for forty years, and now by the suppression of her convent, was obliged to seek shelter among the few relatives still remaining to her. No one is spared even in the most secluded spots of the Pyrenees.

Far off from the world and its ways lies the lovely valley of Arrens; climbing the fine winding road from Argelès, one comes unexpectedly on the picturesque church and monastery of Pouez-la-Houn, dominating the valley and overshadowed by the great snow-capped mountains. The ascent from the plain is by a bridle-path, and leads to the pretty little chapel of St. Roch, frequented by pilgrims, and farther on, to the quaint old church built by the Templars in the thirteenth century.

The view of the valley is most lovely, rushing streams tearing down the mountains, dashing in and out of bridges, dancing through the meadows and off in a mad race to join the

Gave on its way to Lourdes. The monastery stands beside the church solitary and forlorn. There was not a sound anywhere. We rang, but no one responded; we opened the door, but all was silent. The monks had gone, and everything remained apparently as they had left it. The parlours and refectory stood open, but there was no one to be seen. We next tried the church, the key was in the lock, we turned it, and entered. The lamp burned brightly before the Tabernacle, and everything around the altar showed the greatest neatness and care. It was all wonderfully devotional, and we remained long before the lovely altar, and the lonely Prisoner of Love who here, far off from all the world, was surrounded with rare tokens of the Faith and munificence of a bygone age, together with a love and reverence touching in those dreary days in France. Just as we were about to descend the hill a young priest came up from the valley. He greeted us kindly and told us many interesting details of the church which had been in charge of the Fathers of the Assumption. They alas! had been expelled within the last year, their church being henceforth attached to the parish, and he had taken their place. He talked well but not hopefully of the future. "It is the Religious to-day," he said, "it will be the priests to-morrow, but the Faith is not dead in France. It will burn brightly once more as it has in even darker days than ours."

DELIA GLEESON.

Idealism in Industry.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS UPON WORK.

THAT a man's efficiency is increased if his Idealism can be brought to direct it is part of the experience gained by "The Essex House Guild of Handicraft" after fourteen years of work in the East of London.

Where a man's trade consists in the manufacture of beautiful things, it is possible to consider the question of the influences of the work he does upon his life and value as a citizen. It is possible then to take into consideration the question of the influence also of his surroundings and his education upon his work. And these followers of William Morris, in their endeavour to revive the old Guild system of the Middle Ages, realize and appreciate this latent quality of Idealism in the character of the average English workman: the quality that expresses itself in theoretical Socialism and finds its outlet at times of national excitement, but generally remains dormant so far as the round of daily life is concerned. To utilize this quality and to bring it to bear in a practical manner upon the man's daily life is the main factor in the working of the Guild. To achieve this result no new experiment has been tried, the progressive spirit of the times has been laid under no contribution for any fresh developments of social theories; the movement, if anything, has been reactionary; for each succeeding year has brought this modern Guild of Handicraft more into line with those Guilds of the past and their principles of share and partnership that gave to each craftsman a personal interest in his work.

In the old house in the East of London the system worked well so far as the skilled craftsmen were concerned, but the scheme of apprenticeship failed because the new methods of subdivision of labour (whereby each worker undertakes but one portion of the work in hand) has superseded that gradual

education from early youth, which in olden times made the workman master of his craft.

It was this attempt to revive the old system of apprenticeship that led the "Essex House Guild of Handicraft" to remove from their quarters in the metropolis and establish themselves in the depths of the Cotswold country at Chipping Campden, Gloucester: a place eminently suited to the undertaking.

We have got used to the term Handicraft now that the County Councils have started technical education Classes in Arts and Crafts in so many towns and villages; so that it may at first sight appear that what is going on at Chipping Campden is but another attempt at elevating the public taste and directing any local talent that may present itself for instruction.

But the Guild of Handicraft now established in this Gloucestershire village starts on a different basis. It is not a succession of classes in various branches of art, but an industry established on lines laid down by John Ruskin towards the betterment of the artisan himself. It is a movement that ought to have far-reaching results.

The whole principle of the Guild is to advance the social status of the workman. The end in view is not merely commercial; the codes, rules, and regulations of the old Guild system give the workman both a sense of security in his work, and a sense of joy in its achievement, and tend above all things to educate his taste, so as to give him an entirely different outlook upon life.

This might suggest a Utopian condition of things difficult to maintain and impossible to the majority of trades; but it is very certain that the nearest approach to its successful realization is to be found, not in the squalid streets of overcrowded cities, but in a place like Campden, where the beauties of ancient architecture can still be admired, while to live amid such surroundings is an education in itself.

The difficulties of establishing any large factory in a neighbourhood such as this are of course well-nigh insurmountable, the objection being naturally against the erection of the necessary buildings and the invasion of large numbers of perhaps undesirable inhabitants from the cities. These difficulties did not, however, affect the committee of management from Essex House. Their buildings were ready at hand in the disused silk mills of a former generation, needing but slight alteration

for the present purpose. The housing question was met by the lord of the manor, the Earl of Gainsborough, who readily accepted the men and their families as tenants of such of his cottages as were vacant at the time.

The responsibility involved in thus transplanting a large number of people to new and untried surroundings was one that the committee might well have shirked; but they had long realized that good honest craftsmanship is better done the nearer the people get into touch with the elemental things of life, and that no one who has not passed at least some portion of his life in the country can acquire real appreciation, in its most refined form, of the beauties of nature and art, nor indeed develops any very acute perception of the beautiful.

I had long been acquainted with this little Cotswold town, and had seen it under various conditions: in cloudless summer weather, when swallows darted to and fro beneath the eaves of the old stone houses, and on bright autumn days when the yellowing leaves of the beeches in the street made harmony with the moss and lichen clinging to the stone. The place is essentially mediæval, the fine church and many of the houses are of the fourteenth century: there is William Grevel's house with its beautiful Gothic windows. He was a wool merchant in Richard II.'s time, yet the house remains as perfect as when he lived there. In was an old house in Shakespeare's day; he knew Campden well, and so did Ben Jonson; they used to come there for the Cotswold Games. Rough-and-tumble games they were, the cudgel and the single-stick, wrestling, leaping and running, even coursing, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting were included in these "Annuall Assemblies at Cotswold." Ben Jonson wrote verses for the *Annalia Dubrensia* on the Cotswold Games, and Shakespeare too wrote of "these high wild hills and rough uneven ways." Master Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow, Esquire, of the county of Gloucester, Justice of the Peace, makes allusion to Master Page's fallow greyhound:

I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

So in Chipping Campden we have an atmosphere of mediævalism well suited to the establishment of an industry of which the training of the young apprentice forms so important a part.

A seven years' apprenticeship formed the necessary prelude to full membership of any "trade-gild" in the fourteenth

century, and in those days the "merchant-gilds" and the "craft-gilds" were dangerous rivals. Each ruled supreme in its own sphere of action. The regulations of the "craft-gilds" were of the minutest character; disobedience to their orders was punished by fines, or in the last resort by expulsion, which involved the loss of right to trade. The regulations had regard chiefly to the quality and value of work and the hours of toil, and made strict provision against competition in labour. At each meeting of these "Gilds" their members gathered round the Craft-box, which contained the rules of their society, and stood with bared heads as it was opened. The warden and a quorum of "Gild-brothers" formed a court, which enforced the ordinances of the "Gild," inspected all work done by its members, confiscated unlawful tools or unworthy goods, and exercised a control over the trade.

Now-a-days we have this supervision exercised by the various trade-unions, but the "Essex House" committee of management is concerned only with the interests of their own Handicrafts, of which the chief may be considered the hand-printing; the art which will always be associated with the name of William Morris. The best traditions of Kelmscott House are carried on at Campden; for the principal members of that celebrated press work here at the original stock and presses. Although the Morris blocks are now in the British Museum and his type withheld from use, the "Essex House" type has been specially designed, and has been used in the printing of all their books, notably in the recently issued Prayer Book of King Edward VII. The allied craft of bookbinding ranks second in importance to the printing. The combination ensures to each volume a suitable, and in many cases, unique binding; and some *éditions de luxe* of rare beauty.

These two branches of the Handicraft occupy the ground floor of the old silk mills. On the upper floors are the rooms devoted to the silversmiths. The artistic setting of precious stones is one of the special branches of this Guild, and silver is wrought into the most graceful bowls, cups, spoons, and dishes. The perfection to which the art of enamelling has been carried is evinced in the elaborate results achieved. The blending of rich colour obtains effects that are decoratively applied to the tiling of fire-places and door-plates.

The elaborate wood-carving with its wealth of detail is worthy of that great period of the Renaissance which Essex

House always endeavours to follow as the standard of all excellence in art. The work of those days in carving, stained-glass, and ironwork is now recognized as the most perfect of its kind. What better mode of teaching the technique of the Middle Ages than to establish a School of Handicraft in such a centre as Campden, where the eye can be trained to admire and the hand to copy; while to awaken dormant or hardly formed faculties of observation and taste the whole mode of life amongst the craftsmen and apprentices tends to educate and refine and give a zest to work. The men have a club-house, where a good library is in progress of formation. The Technical School has occasional loan exhibitions from the Board of Education, enabling the apprentices to appreciate what is being done elsewhere. There is this constant yet almost imperceptible education of the craftsman. A play was acted in the old Town Hall; the choice fell upon Ben Jonson, who knew Campden and came here for the Cotswold Games. Every historical association is thus preserved. Those of the buildings that have needed repair have been restored to former beauty. Many of the old Campden customs have now passed away, and few of the local songs are still remembered, but the young apprentices at the Handicraft are taught to sing the songs of the old Campden trades. Those of the wool-staplers and the silk-weavers were forgotten when these once flourishing industries died out, but the song of the forge has remained with the use of the anvil, and a careful search has been rewarded by the discovery of several local rhymes and tunes.

It is under these ideal conditions that the Guild of Handicraft works. The factory stands in an old walled garden; an environment bound to elevate the men who work there, for they are all artists in their way, and may be expected to possess the impressionable artistic mind that is subtly influenced by surroundings. But the average factory hand, the mechanic, whose work has become indeed mechanical, making small demand upon his brain,—would he consider this rural beauty of Chipping Campden as an equivalent in charm to the familiar neighbourhood of the Mile End Road? The men who came here from the East End eighteen months ago are not really East Enders, many lived in other and more select parts of London, they were none of them Cockneys in the sense that is applied to the Londoner born and bred; a class to whom country life is worse than dull and lower than uninteresting.

But each year the question of Industrial Decentralization becomes more urgent, and it is anticipated that there will be a considerable removal of factories from congested areas to suburban or rural districts, owing to the advantages to be gained from the housing of the workers in the country in the best practical manner. The erection of model villages has been found to be a more successful solution of the housing problem than the erection of more dwellings in and about the cities, or the increase of transit facilities.

We daily realize the tyranny of environment and the hopelessness of any social improvement apart from improved surroundings; but this can be an inspiration as well as a terror, for it means that with an improved environment you will have an improved humanity.

ETHELDREDA HARTING.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Irish Origins of our Lady's Conception Feast.

IN connection with the article which appeared under this heading in the last number of *THE MONTH*, Dr. Whitley Stokes has very kindly written to inform me of a modification of the views attributed to him in that article. In the edition of the *Calendar of Oengus* which Dr. Stokes published for the Royal Irish Academy some years back, he expressed an opinion that Oengus could not be safely assigned to an earlier date than the second half of the tenth century. He now writes: "May I take this opportunity of saying that further consideration, as well as the arguments of Professors Thurneysen and Strachan, have convinced me that I was wrong in thinking that Oengus' Martyrology was compiled in the second half of the tenth century. I should now say the first half—or the beginning of the ninth." This, it will be seen, necessarily throws still further back the earliest commemoration of our Lady's Conception among our neighbours across the Irish Channel.

On the other hand, Mr. Edmund Bishop tells me that he greatly doubts whether the inspiration which initiated the Conception feast at Winchester on the 8th of December was derived from any Celtic source. "If," he says, "I had to rewrite the paper of 1886 again, I should be disposed to lay a good deal more stress upon the feast being possibly borrowed into South England from Southern Italy. So many indications of the unlikely connection have occurred to me since." Without disputing the justice of this verdict, which is sure to be founded upon observed facts, carefully studied and digested, I am a little disposed to urge that the influence of the liturgical books of Naples, Monte Cassino, and Capua is more conspicuous in Northumbria than in Wessex, and that their most pronounced action belongs to an earlier date than this, *i.e.*, to the eighth

and ninth centuries.¹ May it not be that if the influence was felt in Wessex and in Kent, it had simply percolated through from the North? On the other hand, the traces of Celtic inspiration are also strong. Note for example the coronation formulæ of the Egbertine Pontifical, which have furnished so large a part of the so-called second Anglo-Saxon Ordo, devised in all probability for the solemn coronation of Eadgar at Bath in 973. A curious illustration of the action of these Celtic influences has come to my notice since writing the article to which this note serves as a postscript. In an early English Calendar at the Bodleian, which Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, for reasons assigned, attributes to Canterbury about the year 927, we find on February 24th the identical verse,

Quadrantum sedes Mathiano congruit alto,

which Dr. Whitley Stokes, from the use of the diminutive form in *an*, regards as distinctively Irish. These early calendars seem to deserve much fuller attention than they have hitherto received.

H. T.

An awkward Slip.

Mr. Reginald Wyon's book, *The Balkans from within*, reviewed in our last issue, opens with an extraordinary statement, which when time enough shall have passed to obliterate direct evidence of its true authorship, will be quite sufficient for the critic who desires to show that the work could not possibly have been written, as it professes to be, by one who speaks of what he saw and heard, for, it will be urged, no one speaking from actual experience could fall into such an error as is forced upon our notice in the very first sentence. This is how the book opens:

There are still a goodly number of people who believe Friday to be an unlucky day, and likewise connect the number "thirteen" with all manner of dire disasters.

"1904 will be a bad year," remarked an Austrian to me on New Year's Eve, "because it begins on a Friday. It is lucky it is not the 13th too."

The latter part of the above remark was doubtless a slip, and as

¹ See particularly the references to the "old Mass Books," with their Capuan Saints, in the Old English Martyrology, and compare the articles of Dom Germain Morin in the *Revue Bénédictine* on Bede and the Northumbrian lectionaries.

such caused much merriment, but oddly enough, thirteen days later, likewise on a Friday, the New Year was celebrated in the Balkans, where, as in Russia, time is reckoned by the Old Calendar. The very superstitious can therefore maintain that in a sense the New Year in the Balkans began on a Friday, and on the 13th, and deduce all kinds of catastrophes therefrom.

Were the fact really as is so emphatically asserted, it would certainly be "odd enough," for the statement we have heard is not only incorrect but impossible. The day which comes thirteenth after a Friday cannot be a Friday too, and the Old Style computation being now—since its leap-year in 1900—thirteen days behind ours, it necessarily follows that our year beginning with Friday, January 1st,—that of the Russians began on what we styled *Thursday*, January 14th. And although they called this the 1st of January, it was a Thursday for them as well as for us, since under both Old and New Styles the days of the week are always the same.

And, as a matter of fact which can be verified by so accessible an authority as the indispensable *Whitaker*,¹ this *was* the day upon which the year began according to the Greek and Russian Calendar.

How a writer who was at the time in the Balkan provinces, and kept a journal, can not only have made such a mistake, but given it so much prominence without adverting to his error, is a puzzle, but his mischance serves at least to show what pitfalls may lie in the way of those who are ready to build large conclusions on internal evidence.

Treason and Plot.

A prominent official of a leading Protestant Society sends us various notices of an "extraordinary booklet" which has lately appeared, being anxious, seemingly, to let us see what incredible nonsense can pass muster, and presumably find a market, when prejudice and ignorance come into play. The booklet in question, we learn, is entitled *Treason*, and takes the form of a story "written on strongly Protestant lines," the author being Allen Upward, Esq., barrister-at-law. He declares that though cast in this form, his tale is a record of actual facts

¹ P. 70.

as portentous as they are mysterious, and that he is prepared, if challenged, to produce his authorities. The most important point appears to be that this declaration impresses so grave an authority as Mr. Walter Walsh, F.R.H.S., who clearly wishes it to be understood that Mr. Upward's revelations deserve serious attention. In the *English Churchman* of February 5th, 1904, Mr. Walsh writes thus :

The most sensational event recorded is the proclamation of Mary III., by the Legitimists as Queen of England, on the walls of St. James' Palace and elsewhere, on the night on which Queen Victoria died. The proclamation, says Mr. Upward, was hurriedly taken the same night to Osborne, and shown to Edward VII., the Prince of Wales, and the German Emperor, and he assures us that this is the secret reason why the proclamation of Edward VII. was delayed. This daring proclamation of a Roman Catholic Queen was the work of the Royalist League which "was set on foot by the Company of Jesus."

The last item might surely have been taken for granted. What reader of stories written upon strongly Protestant lines could possibly doubt that astute Jesuits alone could devise a move so dark, so daring, and so silly?

The Rev. Charles Stirling and the Protestant Alliance.

When one's adversaries fall out among themselves, one sometimes obtains interesting revelations of the inner working of their institutions, and something of this kind is happening at the present. It is known how the Protestant Alliance affects to be—as indeed is implied in the name it assumes—a sort of *doyen* among those ultra-Protestant societies the alpha and omega of whose religion is war to the knife against Rome. Yet in the very heart of this society of societies there appear to have been ructions. The Rev. Charles Stirling, the very man who two years ago was selected by the Protestant Alliance for the valiant task of representing them in their endeavour to put the law in action for the purpose of expelling the Jesuits from the country has himself been—no not expelled—but "superseded" from his place on the Committee of the same Alliance.

Naturally a measure so drastic taken against a personage so

venerable has not been allowed to pass without remonstrance from his admirers, and accordingly we find the *Rock* for May 26th admitting—with the added sanction of a sympathetic editorial—a letter from a Mr. C. L. Clarke which is so rich that it ought not to be allowed to perish.

I observe a letter in your last issue from Mr. Roger, touching the treatment experienced by the Rev. Chas. Stirling at the last annual subscribers' meeting of the Protestant Alliance. I join with him in the expression of surprise that the Committee have apparently failed to profit by the procession of secessions from their ranks, as also, the severance or exclusion from time to time of the agents of the Alliance. There is a saying of Abraham Lincoln's: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." So now that some of the Committee will be fooled no longer, they shall be excluded to make room for other dupes. Excellent arrangement! The great 50-year-old Protestant Alliance is represented by about 20 persons or less, in a small room which will hardly hold them; these Committees are made and unmade, and secretaries are firmly established for another year of mess, muddle, and make believe. And the Protestant cause? Oh, all is well! Is there not an official organ with a circulation variously estimated at from 10 to 20,000? Is there not a great Protestant Demonstration, copiously padded with musical entertainment, and unsuspecting speakers from country parishes? Is there not a "forward movement" occasionally advertised, and a law case against the Jesuits, albeit prematurely discovered, thence a failure?

Surely these are evidence enough both of brains and activity. It matters not that subscribers fall off; that branches die—that lecturers depart—that odium, open and secret, is incurred. Are there not legacies sufficient to pay official salaries, to provide for official tours round the Provinces, the art that is "the bloom of decay?" What is a Society for, if not to provide a fat living for the indolent; to offer encouragement and protection to the incompetent; to boom the literary productions of neglected but ambitious authors, fabulous and otherwise? Truly, a noble object, and scurvy indeed were the subscriber to Protestant testimony who failed to recognize herein the fulfilment of his benevolent intentions! And what indeed is a Committee for, if not to serve the purpose of a Secretary? Is he not the *raison d'être*? Is not his word as law, and his will inscrutable? So then, is it not necessary and reasonable, that they should be men after his own heart, who take their narcotic potion complacently, and their orders more serenely still? Some simple people there are, who know the aged Apostle of Protestantism who has just been ruthlessly superseded, and know his self-sacrifice and magnificent testimony, and wonder what man there is in the Protestant cause who

has a right to so treat him, or cast a slur on his peerless credentials. And their minds involuntarily turn to comparisons, and they remember that "comparisons are odious," in this case specially so, and they think of a certain green bay tree mentioned by the Psalmist.

We cannot have any certainty that what Mr. Clarke represents to be the case with these Protestant societies is actually so. We know the recklessness with which people of his class bring the most fearful and at the same time the most groundless charges against Catholic institutions, and so must allow for the likelihood of their being similarly reckless in their treatment of those among their own people who have happened to displease them. Still the fact that it is a paper like the *Rock* which admits these representations, and that it is an Association like the Protestant Alliance which they criticize with this severity, renders the subject of a little interest to us who are the usual victims of their calumnies, and who are apt to wonder what can be the real motives which induce these people under the cloak of Christian zeal to employ such manifestly un-Christian methods of controversy. We shall be curious to see how the Protestant Alliance replies to charges which whether they are sustained or not must seriously injure the reputation either of the Alliance or its critics.

Reviews.

I.—CONCERNING THE HOLY BIBLE.¹

UNDER the title of *Concerning the Holy Bible*, Mgr. John Vaughan republishes some papers on Holy Scripture which originally appeared, if we recollect rightly, in the *Catholic Times*. They attracted the attention of Cardinal Logue, who, as he tells us in an Introductory Letter, counselled their publication. His Eminence was struck with their fitness to form a book of instruction for the people, and that is undoubtedly their particular merit. The educated student would require something different, but in these days Protestant controversy addresses "to the multitude that fill our churches, to the ordinary men and women of the world, to tradesmen, artisans, and labourers, whether in field or factory," objections which seem to them forcible, not because they have real force in themselves, but because it is difficult to enable persons of this class to realize the true meaning and significance of the answers. For instance, how can we rely upon the fidelity of our modern Bibles, when it is acknowledged that the autographs of all its component books perished ages ago, so long ago even as regards the New Testament, that even the earliest writers show no signs of having seen them? A scholar easily understands how the collation of copies can give us moral certainty as to the substance of the text, even the discrepancies which mark errors of transcription contributing to establish the certainty of the rest. But to less educated persons this form of proof requires to be explained by some elaborate illustration, such as is the very happy one Mgr. Vaughan gives of a supposed royal letter to the troops in South Africa. Again, he has a very happy way of explaining the difficulty of Bible-reading before the invention of printing, and the means by which the difficulty was met. "The whole of the

¹ *Concerning the Holy Bible. Its use and abuse.* By the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John S. Vaughan. London: Washbourne.

inspired writings contains 35,877 verses: these run into 12,783 folios. Supposing the scribe to write on both sides, he would fill 427 skins of parchment. Now it has been calculated by L. Buckingham that the parchment, properly prepared, could not be purchased even at the present day for much under £85, and that the copying, in the usual engrossing hand, would come to about £133." That meant that few, even among the ecclesiastics, could possess a whole Bible; but what they did was to transcribe, each ecclesiastic for himself, at least some portion of it, and also to learn as much as possible by heart. Thus, the Rule of St. Pachomius requires the monks to learn by heart "at the very least the New Testament and the Psalms." St. Wilfrid learnt the four Gospels by heart, and Venerable Bede tells us that this was "according to the general custom." A fact or two like this can bring the situation clearly before the mind of an artisan inquirer, and help him to understand how conspicuously sound has been the attitude of the Church throughout towards Bible-reading.

Of other happy illustrations we may mention is that used to explain how our Lord's relations could be called "His brothers," though not His brothers in the literal sense, which is drawn from a similar usage among the Italians. "'But,' I remonstrated (once to an Italian who had introduced a person to me as his brother), 'he is surely not your brother; you have no brother?' 'Not my *full* brother,' he answered, 'but my *cousin-brother* (*fratello-cugino*).'" It is a useful reference, too, which he gives as to the error of Mr. Alexander Mitchie, a Protestant resident in Tientsin, in his *Missionaries in China*, published in 1891. "Till lately not a doubt was breathed as to the absolute wisdom of this procedure (of distributing Bibles without accompanying the distribution with oral teaching). But the unloosing of one tongue led to the unloosing of many, and at the last Conference in Shanghai, the propriety of the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, without note or comment, was fully canvassed. . . . The more thoughtful heads—and it required some courage from them to say so—now recognize that the Bible is not a book to be indiscriminately read by people quite unprepared for its teachings, and out of sympathy with its spirit." On the other hand, it is perhaps a pity that Mgr. Vaughan makes unqualified use of Marshall's *Christian Missions*. This book, which was first published long before 1882—the present reviewer first read it in 1860—comments severely on the absurd misrenderings in some

of the Bible Society's translations. Perhaps that was inevitable forty years ago, though even then it is presumable that the Protestant missionaries might by their oral teaching—on which even they place reliance—have corrected the errors in their printed translations. But, though having no positive information on the subject, one cannot but presume that these early mistranslations have long since been rectified—for after all the Bible Society can draw upon the assistance of linguists of the first rank.

2.—REFORMATION AND RENAISSANCE.¹

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Miss Stone's handsome volume, though a considerable portion of its contents has first seen the light in periodical literature, and notably in our own pages, is nothing but a haphazard collection of scattered essays. We are inclined, on the contrary, to think that the book, so far from losing has perceptibly gained from the manner of its production. That is to say, if the author had deliberately sat herself down to write a history of the Reformation period she would almost inevitably have yielded to the temptation of attempting a consecutive narrative of events, and would have encumbered her pages with too much detail. As it is, she seems to us to have brought out certain salient features of the vitally important period here discussed with a distinctness and a relief which is lacking in every other presentment of the subject with which we are acquainted. The book naturally invites comparison with the Reformation volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*, and after having carefully read and reviewed the latter we unhesitatingly recommend Miss Stone's work, not only as presenting a picture more truthful in itself and more acceptable to Catholic readers, but as distinctly the more interesting of the two. The present volume is not waterlogged by the supposed necessity of leaving no important incident unchronicled. Miss Stone skips freely from country to country and from crisis to crisis, but for all that she provides almost every reader, except the specialist, with as much as he can comfortably carry away from the perusal. On the other hand, the features upon which she lays stress are skilfully

¹ *Reformation and Renaissance* (circa 1377—1610). By J. M. Stone. London: Duckworth, 1904.

presented in a setting which does not demand too much previous knowledge, and which makes them thoroughly entertaining. There is, moreover, another quality in Miss Stone's book which should strongly recommend it for educational purposes, especially with young lady pupils or as a prize in schools. We almost fear to call attention to the delicacy and reserve with which the writer treats the gross moral abuses of the Reformation period, for fear that we should leave the impression that it is a namby-pamby compilation for school-girls and beneath the notice of the robust adult reader. But there is nothing in the least prudish about Miss Stone's treatment; indeed we know more than one person whose judgment we respect, who has had some difficulty in believing that the writer was a woman. The fact remains, however, that despite very considerable erudition and a frank meeting of difficulties, Miss Stone has managed to produce a book which may safely be put into the hands of all. Unless we are much mistaken there are many persons, both Catholics and Anglicans, engaged in the higher education of girls, who will be grateful for this volume as meeting a long felt need. We should have been glad to discuss in detail some of the interesting points raised by the author, but space forbids. Let us be content therefore with adding a word of commendation for the typography of the volume and especially for the excellent illustrations which embellish it.

3.—ERASMUS ON EDUCATION.¹

There are few famous men whom it is so difficult to classify as Erasmus. Living in an age of gigantic conflicts, in which he played no small part, he had nothing of the heroic in his composition, and in spite of the extraordinary reputation and influence he enjoyed cannot possibly be styled great. It is impossible to admire, and not easy even to respect him, for he scarcely professed to have any fixed principles, veering and shifting with the wind, and if he did not go further with the Reformers, it seems probable that he was restrained by timidity at least as much as by any more worthy motive, and he certainly

¹ *Desiderius Erasmus concerning the Aim and Method of Education.* By William Harrison Woodward, Professor of Education in the University of Liverpool, &c. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1904. xvii. 244 pp.

encouraged others to take the course upon which he never ventured himself. The supreme motive of his conduct, apart from the thirst for learning which undoubtedly possessed him, was to find snug berths where he might enjoy refined ease and comfort, and for this end he importuned his patrons' generosity with a persistence that was wearisome and undignified. And yet, when all this is said, it is hard to believe that there was not substantial merit in a man who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Fisher and More, Warham and Colet.

When we regard him from the intellectual side, his position becomes less ambiguous, and we can better understand the tolerance he has ever received at the hands of both sides in the controversies which raged around him, though he did plenty to irritate each. Far from sharing the usual fate of trimmers and incurring general obloquy, he has habitually been treated with unwonted tenderness, and there are probably few who do not regard him with an indulgence, for which perhaps they would find it difficult to account.

He had, indeed, some of the intellectual faults of his age, but he had them in a lesser degree than most of his contemporaries, and he had qualities of his own which go far to compensate his defects, in particular a refined and pungent wit, and how much that is unlovely this gift can be held to palliate we know from the instance of Voltaire.

Erasmus was a "Humanist" of the Humanists, and to a considerable extent shared their extravagant and childish worship of Greek and Latin literature, so as in great measure to stunt his own natural growth and dull his perception of intellectual merit in any line but one. To be ignorant of Greek, or to write bad Latin, was in his eyes, not only a defect but a crime, and those who failed in these respects were barbarians on whom war must be made *à outrance*. But his interest stopped with the languages. Literary history, art, architecture, the scenery amid which Virgil and Horace had dwelt, the very remains of Rome itself—all these were for him as though they were not, attracting no attention, nor eliciting the slightest remark. Even poetry, which might seem impossible to dissociate from the masterpieces ever before his eyes, appears to have been beyond his scope, and he had as low an opinion of the choruses of Attic drama as an average British school-boy.

At the same time, he had too much sound common sense to allow him to be satisfied with the puerile trivialities which

captivated many others. He had no patience with those pedants for whom linguistic form was all in all, and whose one standard of correctness was the actual practice of the ancients, or even of some individual author:—such men, for instance, as would admit no word, no compound, even no inflexion, which could not be found in Cicero. Such persons, said Erasmus, treated the language as dead, as a dry specimen, a mere plaything. For his own part, with the great founders of Humanism, what he aimed at was a sound working Latin style, so as to make of the tongue of old Rome a living language, fitted to deal with the living topics of the day, and for this purpose, he did not hesitate to enlarge its vocabulary and enrich its store of metaphors and similes by modern instances. Latin he held to be the best vehicle for the expression of thought that men had or could have, and therefore it was that he deemed it so precious; as a means, not as an end in itself. The same sound common sense, together, we will hope, with something more, made Erasmus intolerant of the revolting neo-paganism prevailing so largely, especially in Italy, making men speak of God as “Jupiter Optimus Maximus,” and of Christ as “Apollo” or “Æsculapius.” He declares that in a Good Friday sermon which he heard preached before Pope Julius II., whilst the orator in purest Ciceronian phrases quoted deeds of self-sacrifice and patriotism from Greek and Roman myth and history,—Decius, Curtius, Iphigenia, Socrates,—the Crucifixion was all but forgotten. “As for religion,” he says, “there was not a touch of it from first to last:—of sham Cicero more than enough.”

Thus it was that Erasmus formed for himself that style the power and charm of which it is impossible not to recognize, and it is this more than anything else which has secured his perennial popularity. The same sobriety of judgment it is which gives weight to his opinions on the subject of education. That there should be much to learn from a man of his stamp concerning the most vital point of all—the formation and strengthening of character—is not to be supposed, but upon the purely intellectual side, though he cannot be said even here to be always consistent, he undoubtedly has much to say which may well be taken to heart by “educationists” of the twentieth century.

Mr. Woodward has a full and accurate knowledge of his subject, which he treats with excellent taste and temper. He

cannot, it is true, appreciate the full gravity of various features in the life of Erasmus, as they present themselves to Catholics, but he does not attempt to minimize what he finds amiss, and his comments on educational questions are sound and sensible.

4.—A SHORT CUT TO HAPPINESS.¹

Short Cuts and Royal Roads have proverbially a bad name for practical purposes, and we should fear lest the title of this little book may repel rather than attract those who are but too familiar with the professions of modern advertisers. This would undoubtedly be most regrettable, for the work itself deserves to be widely read and will undoubtedly do its readers much good. It deals in a style singularly fresh and suggestive with the fundamental principles of human conduct, urging that the goal of happiness, which all men desire, can only be reached, but can be reached forthwith, through entire renunciation of self. The evidence of literary culture and extensive reading, constantly but unobtrusively exhibited, seems not a little to enhance the force of the shrewd observations which testify no less clearly to originality of thought.

There are, however, some blemishes here and there which will, we hope, be removed in future editions, as they must jar upon the ears of that class of readers to whom such a book will appeal. To take one instance, the hero of *Sartor Resartus* is not "Teufelsdrückh;" while, again, it would not be easy to analyze such a construction as—"in the souls of the vast majority, be he prince or peasant."

In his interesting Preface, Father Maturin deals with the common but shallow objection that the servant of God is no less selfish than the votary of pleasure, inasmuch as they both equally seek happiness, though by different roads. In reply, Father Maturin points out that facts alone can in such matters guide us to any sound conclusion, and that as a matter of fact, in proportion as a man is truly spiritual, he becomes forgetful and neglectful of self, and compassionate for others: while, on the contrary, the voluptuary, engrossed in self, grows hard and callous in regard of all besides.

¹ *A Short Cut to Happiness.* By the Author of *The Catholic Church from Within.* With a Preface by the Rev. W. B. Maturin. London: Sands and Co., 1904. 108 pp. Price 2s. 6d.

In truth, as in instances innumerable, we find here a fallacy hiding itself behind an undefined term. There is happiness and happiness. What truly deserves the name elevates and ennobles him who seeks for it, for it consists essentially in his own conformation to a higher type of excellence. No one blames a man who devotes himself to the cultivation of his mind, wholly satisfied with the intellectual reward he thus obtains,—nor a son whose one motive for enduring labours or hardships is to show himself worthy of his father's love. Yet the motive of each is happiness,—the sort of happiness which he prefers to any other; but who will say that it debases him or detracts from his merit to set his heart upon it? And when a man makes it the object of his life to mould himself upon that image in which above all the perfection of our nature can be found, how shall he be styled selfish? Selfishness is not reasonable self-love, nor has the happiness necessarily involved in a consciousness of doing our duty anything in common with the so-called happiness conferred by wealth or dignity or the gratification of sense.

5.—EARLY PATRISTIC WRITERS.¹

Dr. Bardenhewer must in every way be congratulated upon the progress he is making with his history of Early Christian Literature. If the apparatus of scholarship is very much more ample now-a-days, and the work of research is thereby enormously simplified, still it is astonishing how much more is expected of the writer, and how much time must necessarily be spent in the mere mechanical transcribing and correcting of bibliographical references. In a work so elaborately equipped in this respect as Dr. Bardenhewer's *Geschichte der Altkirchlichen Literatur*, the labour must be enormous. The second instalment of the undertaking is devoted entirely to the Christian writers of the third century. Beginning with Clement of Alexandria and Origen, Dr. Bardenhewer works his way through sundry lesser names to the great questions suggested by the writings of Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, and Hippolytus. Besides his account of these patristic writers, which forms the substantial matter of the present volume, the author has dealt with the

¹ *Geschichte der Altkirchlichen Literatur*. By Otto Bardenhewer. Vol. II. Freiburg: Herder, 1903.

delicate question of the authenticity of the early Acts of the Martyrs, and with such curious outlying points as the Muratorian Canon and the conversion of sundry Jewish apocryphal writings to Christian uses. As the student will hardly require to be told, the whole of this field is palpitating with new life, while with regard to some isolated topics, say, for example, the Hippolytan writings and the *Acta Martyrum*, the whole aspect of the problem has been changed within the last twenty years. It is this shifting of the channel in the currents of critical thought which renders such a work as that before us absolutely indispensable alike to professor and student. No one is more competent than Dr. Bardenhewer, as his previous work has abundantly shown, to deal with the latest developments of our knowledge in this interesting field, and no one could approach the task in a more loyally Catholic spirit. We wish every success to the completion of this great undertaking, which, like most of Herder's publications, is produced at a very reasonable price, presenting in this respect a contrast to the kindred work of Adolf Harnack, the *Chronologie der Altchristlichen Literatur*, which occupies almost precisely the same ground.

6.—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.¹

Although most of Pastor's readers are probably longing to see his work continued into the reigns of Leo X. and Clement VII.—in a word, into the period which was the great turning-point of all modern European history—they must, none the less, not forget to show a proper appreciation for the pains which the author has spent in revising and completing the portions of his History already given to the world. We have before us the third and fourth editions of his second volume, which appears with a dedication to His Holiness Pope Pius X., and with a Preface announcing that, in spite of room being saved by the use of smaller type in the Appendices, this new edition is more bulky than its predecessors by some 56 pages. We are sorry to find that nothing is said of the appearance of a fourth volume; but we must not refuse to do justice to the author's efforts to keep his existing work in touch with the

¹ *Geschichte der Päpste*. By Ludwig Pastor. Vol. II. Fourth Edition. Freiburg: Herder, 1904.

results of the latest research. Special attention has been paid to the section on the artistic activity of the age of Pius II. and Sixtus IV. The bibliography also, always so admirable a feature in Dr. Pastor's volumes, has been still further enlarged.

7.—THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.¹

The Beginnings of Christianity is not, as might perhaps be thought from its title, a critical work on the history of the rise of Christianity, but a series of papers on different points of early Christian history, such as: A Bishop of Rome in the time of Domitian, namely, St. Clement; the Christian Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne; the Origin of Christmas; a Christian Pompeii, in which is given an account of the vestiges of Christianity found in the recently explored ruins of the ancient Christian cities of Northern, Central, and South-Eastern Syria; and the Roman Africa, which is chiefly an account of the researches of M. Gaston Boissier. Of these papers most seem to have appeared previously in periodicals like the *American Quarterly*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Catholic University Bulletin*, and it is this which has determined the character of the treatment, for they are written in a style fitted to interest the ordinary readers of such magazines. Still Dr. Shahan, who is a Professor in the Catholic University at Washington, writes with the judgment of a scholar, and bases his accounts on sound authorities, showing, moreover, acquaintance with the results of the latest discoveries.

8.—THE DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.²

We are late in noticing the third fascicule of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne*, but our tardiness is not due to lack of interest in its contents. The fresh instalment seems in every way to maintain the high level of its predecessors. Practically speaking it is entirely the work of a single contributor, Dom H. Leclercq, but those who have examined his articles in the

¹ *The Beginnings of Christianity.* By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, J.U.L. New York: Benziger.

² *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne.* Edited by Dom F. Cabrol. Fascicule III. *Afrique—Agneau.* Paris: Letouzey et Ané, 1903.

portions already published will be the last to regret this unequal division of labour. Three headings, *Africa*, *Agape*, and *Aganum*, occupy almost the whole space. We are using no merely conventional terms of praise when we describe each of these contributions as masterly. Slips and omissions there are sure to be, but it is only reasonable to claim for Dom Leclercq a certain indulgence as for one who in this kind of compilation is practically a pioneer. If he had done no more than furnish the ample bibliographies which accompany these articles, he would have deserved the unstinted gratitude of every student interested in early Christian history and antiquities. When such devoted pains are taken to give an adequate reference for every statement, it may be fairly said that the responsibility rests upon the reader himself if he should be occasionally misled. But without asking for an impossible standard of immunity from error, we are satisfied that in no one book, indeed, in no half-dozen books together which are likely to be accessible after a prolonged search, will so complete an account be discoverable of the ancient Christian *Agape*, to take a single example, as is available here. The writer discusses, 1st, Funeral banquets in general; 2nd, the Last Supper of our Lord; 3rd, the meal known in Apostolic times as the *Agape*; 4th, what may have been the primitive form of *Agape*; 5th, the *Agape* of the second century according to Greek authorities; 6th, the fresco in the *Capella Græca*; 7th, the *Agape* in the second century according to Latin authorities; 8th, the *Agape* in the second century and its disciplinary enactments; 9th, the places of meeting for the *Agape*; 10th, the Colleges for the *Agape*; 11th, the *Agape* in its relation to the cultus of the martyrs; 12th, final disuse of the *Agape*; 13th, tables used at the *Agape*; 14th, chalices for the *Agape*; 15th, formularies specially consecrated to the *Agape*; 16th, the ritual of the *Agape*; 17th, the artistic representation of the *Agape* and of the banquet of the elect.

We have thought it worth while to give this illustration of the thoroughness and good order of Dom Leclercq's method of attack. The whole article occupies some seventy-three quarto columns of very small print. It is illustrated with twenty engravings of moderate execution, but sufficient for the purpose in view, brought together from the most diverse sources. The important texts are for the most part quoted in full, and in the original languages. The number of footnotes is close upon four

hundred, some of them of considerable length. The different works and articles quoted must be even more numerous, and in every case an exact reference is given to chapter and page. A bibliography of more than eighty entries, brought down to very recent times, and including all the most valuable contributions to the subject which have been published in England and Germany, concludes the article. We think our readers will agree that all honour is due to conscientious work which is conducted on such lines as these.

9.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOQUENCE.¹

This book is not so pretentious as its title would lead one to suppose. The author was content to illustrate by examples the requisites of true eloquence, and the "tropes and figures of speech or of thought" which contribute to its adornment. But the object of the translator, so far as may be gathered from the Preface, is to help in the creation of "magnificent stores of prose and verse," both Irish and English, through the cultivation of the *gift* which is the acknowledged characteristic of his nation.

When the natural eloquence of Irishmen shall have been chastened by the Spaniard's lessons in *wisdom, taste, genius, imagination and sentiment*; when it shall have learnt to pour itself forth in *elegant* streams of *pure, clear, harmonious, rhythmical* language; conveying only *true thoughts, extraordinary thoughts, graceful thoughts, delicate thoughts, sublime thoughts, great thoughts, strong thoughts, new thoughts, varied thoughts, bright thoughts*; with *order, perspicuity, naturalness, facility, variety, precision and dignity*; in the *simple*, or the *sublime*, or the *moderate* style, according to the nature of the subject and the exigences of the situation; when, above all, Irish eloquence shall array itself in the dazzling glories of *metaphor and synecdoche, catachresis and antonomasia, periphrasis, endiasis, paradiastole, and final resemblance*; ² when it shall have acquired facility in the use of these and fifty other professional tricks to be

¹ *The Philosophy of Eloquence.* By Don Antonio de Capmany. Madrid, 1777. Translated by the Rev. W. M'Loughlin. Dublin: Duffy and Co., 1903.

² This figure of eloquent speech corresponds to rhyme in poetry. As explained by the author (p. 205), it "occurs when words at the end of several phrases coming together, resemble one another in rhythm or accent."

learnt from the Spanish Master, and be, furthermore, thoroughly conversant with such commonplaces of oratory as *definition*, *similitude*, *comparison*, *disparity*, and *parallels*;—then indeed . . .

But the prospect is overwhelming. A brief specimen of the translator's work must serve for a diversion. It is taken from the Author's Preface.

Hitherto it has been the fashion, or a canon of bibliographic modesty, for authors to say a thousand injurious things in making little of their works; but I who have seen that neither they nor their books gained anything by this depreciation, seldom sincere, and generally unheeded; I who know that no writer need expect to be sought for by the public until he is first of all dead and buried; I abandon my errors, and even the "errata" to the examination and censure of those, who by their sloth, cowardice, or incapacity, are more versed in the odious talent of finding fault with others than in the useful employment of doing some good themselves.¹

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Strong Arm of Avalon and the *Fatal Beacon* are two stories of a hundred and fifty to two hundred pages each, which are published by Messrs. Benziger. The former is by Miss Mary Waggaman, and is based on a passage of real history belonging to the moment when the peaceful reign of religious toleration established in Maryland by its proprietor, Lord Baltimore, was disturbed by the Puritan intolerance of Claybourn and Bennett. Oliver Cromwell was at the time in power, and secretly favoured the designs of the Puritans, who wished to gain possession of the Catholic colony. But in 1655 came a time when, for some reason not well known, the Protector found it his policy to support Lord Baltimore against his assailants. The occurrence of this interval of better times after the persecutions which had been active for the previous

¹ Author's Preface, p. xxvii.

decade, supplies the author with her opportunity for creating a favourable ending to her story, the hero of which is made to be a young relative of Lord Baltimore. The story is skilfully told, as was to be expected from Miss Waggaman. The scene of the *Fatal Beacon* is laid in Germany. The Beacon itself does not exercise much influence on the course of events, though an important event takes place at its foot. Two brothers—one an excellent, the other a most unsatisfactory character—are in love, one with a model young damsel, the other with a quaint little elf of half-gipsy origin. The scape-grace brother disappears with the elf, not however without involving in unmerited suspicion the good brother, who has made many sacrifices to help him; and these suspicions resisted for a long time eventually find admittance into the mind of the heroine. Hence misunderstandings, which however are eventually cleared up, and all ends in a happy marriage. The story will be found interesting by the young people for whom such stories are written.

It is only right and proper that a *Little Book on Art* should itself be a little work of Art. *Velasquez*, by Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert (London: Methuen, 1904. Thirty illustrations. 2s. 6d.), has good claims to be so described. Writers and engravers have alike done excellently, considering the limits of space at their disposal. Of course it cannot be pretended that the reproduction of large pictures on so minute a scale is entirely satisfying. Nor could the letterpress be made to convey so much information and instruction without the inconvenience of over-condensation. Still, though through these unavoidable conditions much of its teaching may fail to be duly appreciated by cursory readers, the "Little Book" deserves to be very highly commended.

From the Librairie Bloud et Cie., Paris, we have received the Abbé Alfred Baudrillart's volume of Conferences, *L'Eglise Catholique, La Renaissance, Le Protestantisme* (16mo, xvi. 400 pp. 3 fr. 50.) The learned author's name is sufficient guarantee that the reader will find a subject full of interest treated with scholarly impartiality. Cardinal Perraud acknowledges, in a most laudatory letter of commendation prefixed to the volume, that the chapters on the Renaissance "m'ont appris tant de choses que je ne savais pas, ou remis en mémoire celles que j'avais oubliées." At the same time it is well to note that the book is written for the general reader rather than for the

student; else the absence of references and footnotes might reasonably excite prejudice.

Cardinal Vaughan's posthumous work (*The Young Priest. Conferences on the Apostolic Life.* London: Burns and Oates. 5s. net) was written when health and bodily strength were giving way, and other more laborious exercise of his zeal had become impossible. The "Bishop" would leave a legacy to his "sacerdotal sons," some practical suggestions for such of them as might still be in the transitional stage of their first experiences of missionary life. The spirit in which the Conferences were written had best be described in the writer's own words: "I am under a grave obligation to the priests whom I have ordained at Mill Hill during the last thirty years, and sent forth for life into the midst of the heathen populations of the world. And I am under similar obligation to those whom I have ordained *ad titulum missionis* for the work of the conversion of England. The obligation is to give them the best assistance I can to become Apostolic men."

A neatly got up little volume, with two illustrations (*Nicholas Garlick, Martyr.* By Edward King, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. 50 pp.), comprises all that is known, and possibly all that ever will be known, about this witness for his faith. Whilst we regret the paucity of the materials, we may also be glad to find that there is at least enough to enable a sketch like this to be put together. So far is it from consisting of a mere jejune list of dates, that it even includes a romantic love-story! Whilst congratulating the author on his success, we feel that he might have told us more about the sources he has consulted; and why should he omit to mention that the Church has proclaimed the Martyr Venerable?

The purpose of *The Grounds of Hope* (by the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1904. 58 pp. 1s.) was to provide a few simple but solid considerations for the help of those who are tempted to diffidence in the spiritual life. At such time we are often incapable of intellectual exertion; and the renewal of hope is most easily effected by allowing the mind to dwell for a few moments on any one of the many motives of confidence which the Holy Scriptures or the writings of the Fathers have expressed in the simplest and most familiar language. Dr. Richards' little book will be found all the more helpful, because of the complete absence of laboured thoughts.

We must apologize for not having previously noticed Messrs. Benziger Brothers compilation of the Life of the present Pope (*Life of His Holiness Pius X.*, with a sketch of the Life of Leo XIII., and a History of the Conclave, &c. New York, 1904. 400 pp. Profusely and richly illustrated). It is introduced with a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and contains a full account of the rites and ceremonies connected with a Papal election. Great pains have evidently been taken to ensure accuracy; and the illustrations, of which the list fills nearly six pages, are all excellent, though of course not all new.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (April 21.)

Punishment and Criminal Responsibility. *V. Cathrein*. Christian Charity. *H. Nix*. Soul and Cerebrum. *J. Bessmer*. The Romeward Movement of Anglicanism. *J. Blötzer*. Gilgamesch and his Star Journey, a Babylonian Epic. *F. X. Kugler*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (May 5 and 20.)

The Childhood of Mary. *R. M. de la Broise*. Pius X. and Joan of Arc. *J. Ayroles*. René Bazin. *C. de la Porte*. The N Rays. *J. de Joannis*. The Centenary of St. Gregory. *J. Doizé*. Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. *M. Dubruel*. Gonzalo de Berceo, poet of Mary (1198—1260). *J. Boubée*. The Country Gentlemen of older France. *J. Guillermin*. Church Music and the Music of the Concert Room. *J. Burnichon*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (May.)

The Immaculate Conception as a Patronal Feast. *E. Portillo*. Church Music. *M. Baixauli*. A Cult of Woman in which all can join. *J. Alarcon*. Monastic Education. *R. Ruiz Amado*. The Persecution in France and the Prosperity of Belgium. *P. Villada*. The St. Louis Exhibition. *M. Solá*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (May 7 and 21).

The extra-territorial guarantees of the Vatican. The Chamber and Holidays of Obligation. The Pope's Missal used for the centenary celebration of St. Gregory. General Lahoz. Could one of the New Testament books have been written after the death of all the Apostles? The Papal *Motu Proprio* prefixed to the Vatican edition of the Gregorian liturgical books. The Christianity of the Gospels and the Christianity of M. Loisy. Catholic Physicians and the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (May 15.)

The Three Marys. *F. Cusin*. The Practice of Confession in the Russian Church. *E. Eward*. M. le Chanoine Guillaume and the work of Christian Classics. *R. Fonteyne*. The Truce of God in the Eleventh Century. *J. Germer Durand*. Reviews, &c.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (May.)

Our Glorious Immaculata. *C. Coppens, S.J.* Whitsuntide. *H. Borgmann, C.S.S.R.* The Requisite for Reunion. *H. P. Russell*. The Discipline of the Secret. *W. B. O'Dowd*. In the Jungles of Africa. *I. Lissner*. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (May.)

In Japan. *J. Leclercq*. The Natural Organization of Studies. *J. Verest, S.J.* The National Congress. *L. du Bus le Warnaffe*. The Art Exhibitions of 1904. *A. Goffin*. The Port of Antwerp and its Development. *P. Segers*. Catholicism in Norway. *P. Halflants*. Reviews, &c.

BESSARIONE. (April.)

The Church of Georgia and its first beginnings. *P. A. Palmieri*. Moralists in Ancient Egypt. *E. Revillout*. The Christianized Goths in the East. *J. Zeiller*. The Akathistus Hymn. *D. P. De Meester*. Two ancient Ivories used as Book-Covers. *Attili-Rossi*. The Georgian Version of the Bible. *P. A. Palmieri*. Reviews, &c.

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